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THE BRIDE OF AN EVENING.

A ROMANCE OF THE RAPPAHANNOCK.

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CHAPTER V.

A GENTLEWOMAN OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

Here the best fashioned and the best ordered home
That ever ages behold; and there, withal,
In its chairman by its servants shewn,
And gentle zeal in making every guest.

G. CRABBE, 1808.

Madam Audrey, the mistress of Piedmont, had been twice married, and twice widowed.

Honora Poole was the descendant of her first marriage.

The three beauties—the Misses Audrey—were the descendants of her second union.

The sole male inmate and member of the family was Colonel Shannon, the younger brother of Madam Audrey.

For her grand-daughter, Honora, as the heiress of the family estate, she felt the utmost solicitude, never willing to trust her far or long from her sight.

And consequently, on receiving Mr. Willoughby's message that Miss Poole was detained at his house by the storm, she had immediately ordered a carriage, and given him orders to have the carriage in readiness by sunrise the next morning, to drive over to the parsonage and bring her young mistress home.

The man had scrupulously followed her directions.

Honora had obeyed the call, and reached Piedmont in time for the family breakfast.

After kissing the fingers of the old lady, shaking hands with Colonel Shannon, embracing her cousins, and answering everybody's questions, Honora seated herself at the table, and said:

"My dear grandmother, there is the son of an old friend of yours in the neighborhood."

"Ah, Honora, who is he?"

"Mr. Godfrey Dulanie, Madam. He has come down to spend the two months of vacation at Crossland."

"Aye, my dear. Where is he staying?"

"At the tavern at Altamont."

"Indeed! I wonder at that; it is scarcely a pleasant place for a gentleman's long sojourn. Why is he not the guest of his grandfather, Sir Hawse, or of his uncle, the doctor?"

"It would be scarcely pleasant, Madam, for a man to be indebted even for hospitality to relatives who had robbed him of his patrimony."

"Robbed him! Surely, my dear, you use strong language!" said the old lady, rebukingly.

"Truly! It was a judicial robbery—not an indictable one," said Honora, in calm scorn.

"Aye, I have heard that, sternly speaking, there was not just dealing; and law and justice are not always one, my dear."

"But to return to Mr. Dulanie himself. As you observed, Madam, the inn is no pleasant abode for a gentleman——"

"Aye, I understand you, Honora, perfectly. And I think you are altogether right, my dear," replied the aged gentlewoman, who, then turning to her brother, said, with the unconcerned formality she sometimes used even among her own near relatives—

"Colonel Shannon, you are thinking of going to Altamont to-day. Will you do me the favor to call on Mr. Dulanie, and invite him to make our house his home for the period of his sojourn in the neighborhood?"

"Certainly, my dear sister, with great pleasure," replied the colonel, looking up from his plate, and bowing his head.

"And mind, my dear brother, let your invitation be most cordial and pressing, as though his coming to us would be a great personal favor to ourselves; for these young men of good birth and ill fortune are full of fastidious scruples which do them honor, but which must not be allowed to do them injury. You see, my niece," continued the old lady, turning towards her grand-daughter, "the poor young gentleman must feel obliged to decline the first or second invitation, particularly if it were not cordially given, nay, even pressed of his not being able in any way to reciprocate. So you will be very pressing, Colonel Shannon."

"I will bring him to the house, Madam," replied the colonel, smiling at his sister's earnestness.

Honora gave him a grateful look. Did Honora reciprocate Godfrey Dulanie's sudden passion?

We shall see.

Immediately after breakfast, Colonel Shannon, attended by a servant with a led horse, set out to ride up to Altamont.

"The same freeman, Godfrey Dulanie, in his little room at the inn of Altamont, sat studying at his reading-table. The volume open before him was "Chitty on Crown Lyddison." But vainly he tried to confine his attention to the subject under treatment.

Honora! Honora! She filled his heart and engaged his thoughts.

Had she been the poor maiden he had first supposed her, then all had been clear and easy enough. He would soon have put their mutual relations upon an intelligible footing, and then gone on, undistracted by sorrow, hopefully, perseveringly, plodding at his studies, until diligence should be rewarded by success, and he should be in a position to claim her hand.

But, alas! she was an heiress and a minor under the charge of jealous guardians, and one to whose hand only the most distinguished men might aspire! He would probably never see her again, except he should go to church to seek in ideal distance that painful pleasure. He should, surely, never have the opportunity of *conversing* with her again.

"Heart! *depart* of her and be at rest," said his reason.

But his heart could not rest and would not depart.

"Fool! have you lost all self-control and power of attention?" inquired reason.

"No! I can confine my thoughts," answered self.

And for the twentieth time he resumed his studies.

In vain! and closing the volume, he arose and walked to and fro across his narrow room.

At length there came a rap at the door, and to his "Come in!" entered a servant, who said that there was a gentleman in the tap-room inquiring for Mr. Dulanie.

"Show him up," said the latter, who thought only of Mr. Willoughby or of Mr. Heine.

The servant departed, and in a few minutes returned and ushered in a tall, gray-haired, military-looking old gentleman, who entered, bowing and holding out his hand to the young student, who arose and advanced to receive him.

"Mr. Dulanie, I presume?" inquired the visitor.

"Yes, sir," replied Godfrey.

"Colonel Shannon!" said the visitor, announcing himself with a graceful waive of the hand.

"I am very happy to see you, Colonel Shannon. Pray be seated," said Mr. Dulanie, handing a chair.

The old gentleman sat down.

"Hearing that you had re-visited your native neighborhood, I do myself the pleasure of making you a call."

The young man bowed as he resumed his seat, and said—

"You do *my* great honor, Colonel Shannon."

With a waive of the hand the Colonel repudiated the sentiment, and said—

"Your father and myself were once dear friends, young sir; our friendship was only interrupted by his death; but you remember that, I dare say."

"I certainly remember seeing you at our house, sir, as well as my father's frequent visits to yours."

"Very well, then; now we shall understand each other! My niece, Miss Poole, tells me that you are down here, for a day of two months. Now, your father's son should make no other house his home save that which shelters me. In one word, I hear the complaints of Mrs. Audrey, together with her earnest solicitations joined to my own, that you will do us the honor to take up your abode with us for the term of your stay in the neighborhood."

"Really, sir, Madam Audrey—and yourself—are extremely kind, and I earnestly thank you."

"You will come then?"

"Sir, permit me to express my deep sense of your goodness, even while I beg leave to decline your invitation."

"Aye, but 'leave to decline' will not be granted you, my young friend. The thing is quite impossible. My word is passed to the young ladies to bring you back with me," rejoined the colonel.

His "word passed to the ladies"—perhaps to *Honora*. Had *she*, indeed, sought to do with this invitation? Why not? It was *she* who had told her uncle of his intended sojourn in the neighborhood. And oh! if *Honora* willed that he should go, her will was law! In this case the very suspicion of her will was—*destiny!* He would conquer his repugnance to receiving hospitality from the wealthy; he would go, if only for a few days.

"Well?" he said, frankly holding out his hand to the colonel—"ladies' commands have so much authority as a bench warrant! I will give you no trouble in executing them! I am very heartily at your and the ladies' disposal. And in all candor I am compelled to say that never was a poor gentleman arrested with more pleasure."

"That is honest at all events! Well, you will find us no harsh warders. How soon will you be ready to set out? Remember, I come on purpose to fetch you, and my servants brought a horse for your accommodation."

"I can be ready in an hour, sir," replied Mr. Dulanie, after a moment's thought, and running the hurried *gravity* of his mission.

"Good! I have some business to do in town that will occupy me for about that length of time, at the end of which I will call for you?" said the colonel, rising and taking a short leave.

And his own time upon the subject, with his invited guest, set out for Piedmont.

CHAPTER VI.

LOVE CONFESSION.

They seem to speak who ne'er can speak,
The sad by fitful flashes of delight;
By hints, by looks, by sighs, by tears, by smiles,
By anything in fact but words and reason.
His courtship is firm and airy;
Yet—if you would have it described—
Should it assume sometimes hour his heart
The heart we blame so much for once
Would strengthen like a captive bird.

MILNES.

"Ruby, come hither;" said Madam Audrey, addressing the maternly colored woman, whose bright, warm, dark chin had sheathed for her this night, and who, within the last five years, had been her mistress's confidential agent in all domestic affairs.

Ruby left the china closet where she had been putting away the breakfast service, and came to the side of her lady, who was seated in her high-backed chair, near the door of the adjoining bedchamber, and as usual engaged in knitting.

"Ruby, attend to me. I expect company today, Mr. Godfrey Dulanie, a gentleman of family, and one also of fortune. You will prepare the best room, left hand, second floor, for his accommodation. Put up bright white chintz curtains to the windows, and the white and scarlet-tufty quilt on the bed. Then go to the meat-house and select a second best ham and second best round of spiced beef; from the chicken coops take a pair of melting pullets; get up the home-made wine from the cellars; from the garden and orchards the second best vegetables and fruits for dinner; and when you come to lay the cloth, put on the plain gilt-edged china service. You understand?"

"Oh, yes, ma'am. I'm to 'repare for second best company, generally."

"Ahem-m! I did not say that, but I think you understand me, Ruby. Therefore, finish arranging the room, and then quickly as you can, and go and tend to my orders," said the old lady, who, notwithstanding her "graduated scale," could not bear to be thought "partial."

Ruby finished her work and went out to obey.

But she had scarcely closed the door behind her when a violent knocking of the dogs announced that a visitor or visitors had arrived.

"It is the colonel with our guest," said the old lady to herself.

But in a few moments Ruby re-entered with a little note on a silver salver, and even of reinforcement.

"Well, Ruby, who is it?"

"Oh, miss'us, a mis big bag!"

"Ruby, how many times have I ordered you not to use such terms in my presence? Pray, what do you mean by a big bag?"

"I beg your pardon, ma'am—it is a rale 'spectable, 'spectable, portable-looking gemman."

"Who is he then?"

"Deed 'fore de 'Vine Marster; I don't know; mis'us; but he come in a carriage, with a young gemleman and a servant. Oh! here comes Scrubbado now with a card," said the woman, as the waiter Zoroblabel entered, bowed and put the parcel round into the hands of his mistress.

The old lady arranged her spectacles and read—

"COLONEL STRONG." General Sherrod The Governor-elect of Virginia! Dear me! Oh, dear me! Zorobabel?"

"Madam?"

"Where did you show the gentleman?"

"Into the front drawing-room, Madam."

"Right; now return to them and say that your mistress will wait upon them in a few minutes. Then go and have the carriage put up and the horses fed and stabled."

"Yes, Madam," said the waiter, bowing and retiring.

"Ruby, come with me into my chamber, and help me to arrange my locks!" was the next command given, as the old lady arose with dignity and passed into her bed-chamber, which joined this, the family breakfast-room.

And while Ruby assisted her to exchange her black chintze dress for one of black silk, and her plain book muslin cap and neck handkerchief for finer ones of lace, Madam Audrey said—

"And oh, Ruby, the general will certainly stay to dinner, and remain over night. Prepare the front room, right hand, first floor, for his accommodation. Put up the best embroidered muslin sashes to the windows, the best home net toilet cover on the table, and the best knotted white counterpane on the bed; take away the delf toilet service, and replace it with mine. And for dinner I will order the best—ham, chickens, vegetables and fruits. In addition to the dessert have ice-cream, and a bottle of home-made wine on the table; but have a hamper of champagne brought from the cellar, and the bottles set in ice. For the dinner service, use the Sevres china. Now, do you perfectly comprehend me, so that you need not consult the barbarian of sending for me from the parlor?"

"Certainly, mis'ess; I am now to 'repare for the very *best* company," replied the woman, in sly glee.

"Ruby, how often have I signified to you that I am no respecter of persons?" inquired her mistress, in some displeasure.

"I never 'tended for to say you were, mis'ess."

"No! for that would be unchristian; nevertheless, Ruby, even the Scriptures exhort us to pay honor to whom honor is due."

"Yes, ma'am."

"Hyer! now! Ruby I think I will dis—stay! take this ivory snuff-box and give me my mother of pearl one; now my pearl-handled fan; that will do. Go! Zorobabel to go before and open the doors."

But as Ruby went out to obey this order, Honora Poole entered.

Honora looked, as ever, stately, graceful and distinguished, with her dark tresses swept back in shining masses from her fair, broad brow, and her perfect form attired in a fine white muslin dress with a close-fitting bodice, flowing sleeves and a skirt that fell in voluminous folds from her rounded waist to her feet. Not a single item of ornament threw off adjunction from the simple and noble whole.

"Oh Honora, my dear, I am glad you looked in. I was about to speak to you. Do you know who is below?"

"Yes, madam, Governor Strong and his son, Lieutenant Frielonghorn Strong."

"Aye! and now I have a word to say to you, my dear! General Sherrod is a gentleman of family and fortune, occupying a high social position, even independent of his present exalted official rank."

"Yes, madam."

"He is a widower, but forty-two years of age, very handsome, very accomplished, and very fascinating in his address."

"Well, my dear grandmother, what then?"

"Child, don't you take? Why your dress is too plain, Honora. Go, I beg of you and exchange it for your embroidered Indian muslin and your set of pearls; for reflect, I beseech you, Honora, that there is not only the governor elect, a widower of forty-two, but his son, a young gentleman of twenty—both gentlefolks—our eligible matches."

"*Grandmother!*" said Honora, in a tone almost of reproach.

"Will you do this, Honora?"

"Dear madam, pardon me; I can not; but my cousins are beautifully dressed; they will save the credit of the family."

"Umph! well! I am thankful at all events that the Misses Audrey understand what is fitting," said the old lady in momentary displeasure. Then quickly recovering her temper, and unwilling to offend her most esteemed granddaughter she hastened to say—

"Do not mistake me; I wish you to have every aid of dress that your ample fortune can justify; though you look very well as you are, my dear; very much a lady, whatever you wear. Ah! here comes Zorobabel to attend me. Well, my child! come in when you feel disposed." And so saying, the old lady smoothed the folds of her dress and crossed the hall to enter the saloon.

Honora Poole, for the present, delayed presenting herself.

But the three Misses Audrey, like three gayly plumaged hunming-birds, flew down the stairs and fluttered into the saloon.

"Will he come? will he come?" mured Honora, as she passed through Mrs. Audrey's chamber into the breakfast-room and thence on into the little front sitting-room, and taking up a book placed herself at the window-seat to read and to watch the bridle-path, leading down the mountain side from Altamont.

Soon three heroines mantled over the brow of the ridge and came down the hill. She *guessed* that she *suspected* their identity, and arose to smooth her dark tresses and straighten the folds of her dress. For Honora Poole was too thoroughly a woman to be indifferent to her personal appearance. Her Spartan simplicity of dress was only a higher refinement of taste.

Henwhile the horsemen reached the lawn.

Colonel Shannon leaped from his horse, threw his bridle to his servant and welcomed Mr. Dulanie, who had also alighted, to Piedmont. Both gentlemen then entered the house.

Zorobabel, who was on duty as porter, bowed and informed his master that a room had been prepared for the unexpected visitor.

"Very well, thus! show Mr. Dulanie thither, and attend his orders. Meanwhile, sir," said the colonel, turning and addressing his guest, "I shall go up my room to brush up a little, and a quarter of an hour hence will await you here."

"An revoir, then," replied Mr. Dulanie, following his attendant up the stairs and down the long passage until they reached "the back room, left hand" that had been prepared for him.

"Ah—what is your name, my boy?" inquired Mr. Dulanie, as he handed his hat and gloves to the temporary valet.

"De boy," who by the way was six feet high and stout—accordingly, "looked his word" of speech into a variety of contortions without producing a sound.

"What are you trying to get out?" inquired the visitor.

"Zeb-bub-horrible, sir."

"What do you say?"

"Zeb-bub-horrible, sir, massa."

"*What?*"

"Syrup-bobbable?"

"Syrup—*what?*"

"Please, master, excuse me, sir! I neber could dremember dat name to-day. I do declare de call me *Scrub-sir*, as is de easiest to speak, and likewise quite unbelievable among de low! I was able to scrub *of* pot to it, sir. Marse Colonel Shannon allus instructed dat name to 'Scrub' which is shorter, sir. So likewise do de young ladies, sir, whereas de madam allus calls me Syrup-bobble, which also distracted

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

old gentleman. Colonel Shannon, take him to the young ladies."

"You made a bit with that last fine speech of yours, my fine fellow," thought the colonel, as he conducted the visitor to the side sofa, where the Three Graces," as the Misses Dalzell were called, ensconced.

Passing before the first "Grace"—a wax doll, dressed in pink gauze—he said—

"Miss Aubrey, I take pleasure in introducing to you Mr. Dulanie. Mr. Godfrey Dulanie, Miss Rose Aubrey."

A gracious smile and bend of the head from the lady—a profound bow from the gentleman; and the colonel passed on to the next "Grace," whose coral comb dwelt in shaw—whom he introduced as Miss Lily Aubrey; and finally to the last "Grace"—a third wax doll in pale blue—whom he named as Miss Josephine Aubrey.

And then this matter-of-ceremonies proceeded his guest to General Sterne, whom he found to be a well-preserved, handsome, and dignified man of forty-five; and lastly to his son Lieutenant Sterne, a military etagère of the first order.

These formal introductions over, the colonel conducted Mr. Dulanie to a seat on the sofa beside Miss Josephine, who thought excessively like the other two dolls and a little more life and vanity in her manners.

Jessamine was called either Josie or Minnie as the taste or caprice of her friends dictated—even as Honora Pauls was sometimes called Honor, and other times Nora.

But, where then was Honora?

It was with a feeling of the deepest disappointment and indignity that Godfrey Dulanie looked around and raised her.

Happily, he had enough time to speculate upon the cause of her absence, when the door opened softly and Honora entered. She advanced with graceful dignity—her head gently thrown back, her eyelids cast down, her dark hair crept off in classic waves from her fair wide brow, and her nose-white dress falling in classic folds around her perfect form. She greeted the visitor with steady grace.

Godfrey's heart bounded to meet her. He could not help it—it was magnetism—he sprang to meet her, but her ice a seat and took his place beside her. The very expense of this left Honora standing, for the drop-lore that was consuming his heart.

But the company was full, and it was a perch my two to indulge in a tete-a-tete. The conversation per force became general—still more translated into caution—Madam Aubrey catching her brother's eye, signed for him to approach her; and when the colonel found himself by her side she spoke to him aside.

"I wish to send and invite a few friends here this evening to see General Sterne. Now is there anything to arrange between you and me? Pauls and his relatives, the Haynes, are to make it impossible for me to invite them during his stay?"

"By no means! let Dough do not and choose to take up his residence among them, pet, by what I understand from Madam Pauls and its polite, if not affectionate terms."

"Very good! I will slip out and write my notes, as there is no time to be lost," said Madam Aubrey, as she quietly withdrew from the room.

Among the company left behind, on the vexed question of social philosophy, especially that portion of the subject which relates to the care, food and care of evil.

The burden of the argument rested upon General Sterne, Colonel Shannon, and Mr. Dulanie—each of the three bearded and the young lieutenant occasionally feeding them with information with witticisms apropos to nothing.

General Sterne and Colonel Shannon took the conservative side of the question; Mr. Dulanie dogmatical maintained that the time had come when polonius supported scaffolds, prisons, jollories, scourges, etc., as reformatory agents. The younger men listened silently.

Honora said little, but her fine eyes were often turned to Godfrey in deep and earnest sympathy, or eloquent approval. And he imbibed deep draughts of inspiration from her presence.

The argument was interrupted by the reappearance of Madam Aubrey; and soon after was orderly ended by the announcement of dinner.

It fell to Godfrey's lot to lead Honora to the table; or rather he assumed that privilege which he would not forego.

After dinner the company wandered out to find cool seats in the arbors or under the great trees that shaded the lawn.

Godfrey found himself tete-a-tete with Honora under the shadow of a mighty elm.

"You are a student of law, Mr. Dulanie. That study has frequently been pronounced dry. But I will venture to say that you have found it very much the reverse."

"I certainly do not—" replied Godfrey, with a look that seemed to ask "But how did you discover that?"

She answered his look.

"I consider the law as the science of human justice, one of the most important studies ever known in the world. Had I been a man, I should, as you have done, adopted that profession."

"That is to say, if you had been here, as I am, without fortune and under the necessity of adopting some profession."

"No! I should in any case. Mr. Dulanie, I do not think that any amount of wealth could embarrass a human being from the duty of laboring in some department of human industry."

"You are right, Miss Pauls! perfectly right."

"I often wish," said Honora, "that there was some handy work for us ladies, something at once useful, economy; not that I fail to appreciate that good old-fashioned science; needle; and could we not devise depend upon it that it is well understood and faithfully practised. But an energetic woman in my circumstances might do a little good in the ample time to crave with a mighty hunger, some more engrossing occupation. Confess to you lovely a satisfaction to some women."

"To-day that. Miss Pauls!"

"I should like to teach a good working farmer's or mechanic's daughter! I must continue to day at home—keeping—for Madam Aubrey with private me—for I find it as hard to get even that to do, so if I had a young girl under my b. But, doubtless, future years will bring their work; for *aspiration are prophecies.*"

"This girl is the woman I dreamed of, long years before I ever saw her face, or heard her voice. It surely God does not mean to unite us, in bidding me to her side," thought Godfrey, as he listened to the poor of its heart to him with its thoughts.

And soon without opinion on his side, or interaction on hers, they slid into conversing confidentially upon the subject of his history and prospects. And as he talked with her, somehow, the loss of his pecuniary account to dwindle into a matter of the least possible significance, while his profession and future career arose into a consideration of the most vital importance. So they lingered under the shadow of the elm tree, conversing until the sun sank down behind the horizon and the harvest moon arose over the mountain tops in glory.

CHAPTER VII.

THE STEIN'S CIRCLE.

I do confess to the Stein's Circle
Beside my due amiable and court.
SHAKSPEARE.

"Will the ladies and gentlemen please to walk in to tea," was the welcome summons, spoken by the mouth of Archibald, as he appeared bowing in the midst of the company upon the lawn, and waiting to attend them to the dining-room.

Honora, who was the moving little crowd, arose, and moved gracefully to follow.

The tea-table, draped from top to floor with snow-white damask, adorned with the Pauls vessels, and covered with all the delicacies of the season and good housekeeper, stood glittering under the light of a hanging chandelier.

Madam Aubrey, very stately in her stiff, black satin dress and high-crowned gauze cap, stood at the head. On her right hand side was Governor Sterne.

Colonel Shannon stood at the foot. Lucifer and gentlemen, arranged alternately, occupied the sides, with the exception of the first and second places on the left hand of the hostess, which were for Honora and Godfrey, as soon as the latter took their seats, the company, all but them waiting for them, sat down.

Then the meal was promptly served, and conversation became general and animated.

When tea was over, the company adjourned to the drawing-room, where, soon after, the guests invited for the evening joined them.

First came Father O'Leudercy, the parish priest of St. Andrew's Church at Cranland—for such was the name of the village—a fine, portly, old Irishman. Aubrey, that the Catholic priest found as frequent and as warm a welcome at the Protestant mansion as did her own especial minister of the Protestant Episcopal faith, and upon such festive occasions as the present, never failed of being present. He was, where, indeed, was not the great priest of St. Andrew's Church welcomed? Next came Lawyer Fuller O'Loudercy, in his own person, united the characters of counsellor and counsellor of Paradise proportions, with quite a Shaky bearing and countenance; and in his mild and conversation he represented the equally incongruous characters of the most genial bonhomie with the most noble dignity. Lawyer Fuller was the leading practitioner of a village pastor, he had cases occupied a lofty station in society, and was the wife of an angel, and he was still at seventy years of age in the full possession of a very superior and highly cultivated intellect. He was a widower, with one child, a young of both sexes, and all sects. And therefore it is not surprising that he should be among the first then pleased when the door was thrown open by Archibald, who announced in his usual pronounced, in a voice of importance—"The Reverend Father O'Leudy."

The next arrivals were Mr. and Mrs. Willoughby, and Mr. Heine.

Immediately after them came Dr. and Mrs. Henry Howe—the doctor a man of great fashion and elegance, his lady a divinity of beauty and grace. Next in the avant-form, but merely equalized what should be her future life. The answer drawn was—

"Yes, I am a man of much small use."

a reply that nearly extinguished Miss Josie for the evening.

"I declare, if here is not Mr. Hugh Haven!" exclaimed the lively Josie, as the old miser sauntered deliberately in the room, and stood looking with indolent curiosity upon the guests of the young people. "Come, Mr. Haven! I declare, you did have your fortune told!"

"The fortune of five-score years is well nigh told, young lady."

"Nay—no one's fate is complete while he lives. Do you?"

"Well, well—the summaries of ladies are not to be disobeyed," said the old man, gallantly, as he extended his hand and drew a card, which he held to the light.

Amid a profound silence, and in a solemn voice, she read—

"The fate looms full of horror! From false friends,
Near at hand, perfidious treachery.
Beware of the dark man by the door to-day!
Beware of the dark man by the door to-day!—
The radiance of thy planet—Oh, be warned!"

"Pshaw! what serious mockery!" exclaimed the lively Josie, as the old man, gallantly, as he extended his hand and drew a card, which he held to the light.

"Of course it is a mockery!" said Godfrey, in a rage, and he looked at the card, and then at the place to his nephew, who had all the while been seated behind him, peering over his shoulder.

"Will you permit me to see my fortune?" inquired the "declining" Josie.

"And what would you with the Sybil?" was the reply.

"I would know the future."

"Draw!" said the Sybil, in a tone of severest command.

Smiling his graceful but most sinister smile, the doctor drew a card, and passed it to the reader.

The eyes of Honora Pauls followed him with the deepest interest—there was reason in her love that she had never seen before.

The next in turn was Agnes. Turning to her, she said—

"What seek you in the magic circle, lady?"

"My destiny," answered the beautiful maiden.

"Invoke the knowledge?"

"I do," answered she, and passed it, as usual, to the Sybil, who read—

"Oh, ask me not to speak of thy fate:
Thy destiny hangs on a thread!
The doom-shell rushes down upon thee,
Thy life is in the hands of the dead!
Away! Away! Away! Away!
Ask not the knowledge of evil!
Away! Away! Away! Away!
Away! Away! Away! Away!"

Agnes shuddered, and covered her face with her hands.

"Put up the tablets! They are growing fold!" said Rose.

"No! no, indeed, I thank you! It is not fair! There's Honora, and Mr. Heine, and Mr. Dulanie, whose fortune has not been told, yet!" said Lily and Josie.

"Some one else must officiate, then, for I cannot," said Rose, rising in great distress.

"No! no! The Sybil of the beginning must be the Sybil of the end. Besides—now that she is shaken as by a storm—now that the power of the spell is upon her, she becomes truly inspired and prophetic—her words are destinies!" exclaimed Mr. Heine.

"Assuredly," assented the others. And Rose was forced to resume her seat.

"Your turn is next. Draw, sir!" she said, pushing the tablets towards the last named gentleman.

Mr. Heine drew a leaf, and passed it to the Sybil, who read—

"I see the blood and the tempest roar,
The wreck of nations and the crash of thrones!
The tempest's hurl on the empire I see,
And the ruin of all that pertains to the throne that !"

"Dark, indeed! as the mysings of the Sybil usually are," said Mr. Heine, smiling carefully.

"Foreboding, still foreboding! Oh, let the reign this effect!" grieved Rose.

"Is it the fate of the world?—for that each word is fatal! There is a couple yet to be disposed of! Miss Pauls, draw next!" said Mr. Heine.

The check of Honora Pauls changed; yet striving with a feeling that she felt to be unworthy, she rejected, turned forth her hand, drew a tablet, and passed it to the Sybil, who, in an effective voice, read—

"But how is this? A dream is on my mind!
I see a bower all covered with flowers and sealing,
As in delighted vision, on the brink
Of a clear stream—and there are two!"

Honora heard in silence, remembering the strange correspondence of these lines with the prediction of the astrologer; read them again, even drawing to convince herself that it was mere coincidence, and finally laying her cheek on the shoulder of her friend.

"Draw!" said Rose, shuffling the tablets, and passing them to him.

He drew a card, and returned it to be perused.

The Sybil took it, and a thrill of superstitious terror shook her frame as she read—

"*Disgrace and ill,*
And shameful death are near!"

An irrepressible low cry broke from the gallic lips of Agnes. "Oh spare me cards!" she cried. "It is wicked this tampering with the mysteries of futurity."

Rose gladly swept them from the table, and the circle broke up in a strange dismay.

The Sybil, Rose Aubrey, Godfrey, reflecting upon this prophetic idiosyncrasy of Honora Pauls: "She has not woken! I say glad of her! She makes her entire harmon—drawn her still nearer to me! but for that one weakness she would be perfect!"

Refreshments now brought in and served around, awaited, seated around the tables. The music then had given some agreeable occupations to the old. The dancing party did not, during the remainder of the evening, recover her severity.

The company soon afterwards broke up. The guests that had been invited for the evening took leave, and departed to ride home by the pleasant moonlight.

In bidding his grandson good night, old Hugh Haven said—

"I shall expect to see you at the Hole before you leave Cranland, Godfrey Dulanie."

"I thank you, sir, returned the latter, with a grave bow; for he understood this surly invitation to be only as a command. "I will wait upon you by acceptance.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

COLD.

BY GEORGIANA BRUCE.

"It is well to give thanks and be prayerful,
And good to remember the poor."

How cold it has been the grip of winter closed upon us. How we shiver, and shake, and hug the fire, and crowd about it. How good our hot hearty meals taste; how delightful feel feathers, blankets and comforters, now. We make sudden additions to our garments. The clothes that a short time ago started the perspiration if we did but attempt to don now appear thin and scant and are no more bartered by them than if they were cooling in June. But hard as we may feel so house, no warm bed, no food, no extra clothing? On every hand are wandering, pinched and shivering ones, sped by nature as we, with not that sorry one. Shall we not remember, and try to aid and comfort them? Shall we not be by those new, expensive articles we have been meditating buying. We can be very comfortable without them; let us save the money, and feed and warm the poor. Not, perhaps, the bold beggar who besets our door, or blocks our way in the street; but we all know, or we all may know, some poor, shrinking, sensitive one, who will not go for them, and who deserve help in their extremity.

EXECUTION OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

The scaffold was erected in the lower hall of Fotheringay. It was two feet and a half high, and in length and in extent; it was covered with black English frieze, as was also the chair on which she was to sit, the cushion on which she was to kneel, and the block on which she was to receive her head. She herself sat down in the large arm-chair without changing color, and without losing any of her accustomed grace and majesty. On her right hand stood the Earls of Shrewsbury and Kent; on her left stood the sheriff; in front were the Commissioners seated in their robes of office; at a little distance, ranged along the wall, stood the gentlemen; and in the corner of the hall, behind a barrier which Paulet guarded with his soldiers, were about two hundred gentlemen and ladies of the neighborhood, who had been admitted into the castle, the gates of which were closed. Beside these stood the two servants for which Mary likened with silence, and with such composure, that she appeared not to be the principal of what was passing. When these had kneeled reading, she made the sign of the cross, and they rose. Then, standing by the chair, the queen bore—a sovereign princess, not subject to the laws—she gave her last charge to Melville, her last faithful believe. After having been long and unjustly detained prisoner in the country where I have suffered much pain and evil, though nobody had any right over me, being now, through the strength and under the guard of God, ready to forfeit my life. I thank God for permitting me to die for religion, and in presence of a company who will bear witness, that just before my death I protested, as I have always done both before and in public, that I never committed any means of putting the queen to death, nor consented to the conspiracy which was said to be formed, but decided to deny that she had ever borne towards me any feelings of hatred, and called to mind that she had offered, as the price of her liberty, such conditions as were best calculated to give confidence that no present danger existed."

After pronouncing these words in self-possession, she prayed successively for Scotland, for Elizabeth, for Paulet, for Drury, and for Melville. Then Fletcher, Protestant Dean of Peterborough, whom the two earls had brought with them, approached her, wishing to exhort her to prepare for death. "Madam," said he, "the queen, my excellent sovereign, has sent me to you—" Mary, interrupting him, replied: "Mr. Dean, I am firm to the ancient Roman Catholic Religion, and I intend to shed my blood for it." As the dean insisted, with fullsome fanaticism, urging her to renounce her faith, to repent, to place her confidence in Jesus Christ alone, for he alone was able to save her, she repelled him with a resolute tone of voice, declaring that she would not listen, and ordered him to leave the room. The Earls of Shrewsbury and Kent then said: "We desire to pray for your grace, that God may enlighten your heart in your last hour, and that then you may die in the true knowledge of God." "My friends," returned Mary, "if you wish to pray for me, I thank you for it; but I cannot join in your prayers, because we are not of the same religion." The struggle between the two faiths—which had continued through her life—was now prolonged even to the scaffold.

Dr. Fletcher then commenced reading the prayers ordered in the occasion, according to the Anglican ritual, while Mary recited in Latin the psalms of penitence and mercy, and fervently kissed her crucifix. "Madam," rudely said the Earl of Kent to her, "it is of little use for you to have the image of Christ in your hand, if you have not got him engraved in your heart." "It is difficult," she answered, "to hold it in the hand without the heart being touched by it; and nothing suits the dying Christian better than the image of the Saviour."

Dr. Fletcher, the last Protestant, drew from the three psalms, "Miserere mei Deus," &c.; "In Te, Domine, speravi," &c., and "Qui habitat in adjutorio," she addressed herself to God in English, beseeching Him to grant grace to the souls, and the true religion to England, constancy in all suffering persecution, and in regard to herself the help of His grace and the enlightenment of the Holy Spirit in the last hour. She prayed for the Pope, for the church, the catholic king and queen, for the whole house, for the Queen of England, and for her enemies; and, recommending herself to the prayers of the world, she concluded with these words: "Like as thy arms, Lord Jesus Christ, were stretched out upon the cross, so receive me into the arms of thy mercy, and cancel all the sins of my transgressions." Then, kneeling before the block, she embraced the cross, and, as if she had still a secret to whisper to God in English, beseeching Him to grant peace to the souls, and true religion to England, constancy in all suffering persecution, and in regard to herself the help of His grace and the enlightenment of the Holy Spirit in the last hour. She prayed for the Pope, for the church, the catholic king and queen, for the whole house, for the Queen of England, and for her enemies; and, recommending herself to the prayers of the world, she concluded with these words: "Like as thy arms, Lord Jesus Christ, were stretched out upon the cross, so receive me into the arms of thy mercy, and cancel all the sins of my transgressions." So fervid was her piety, so touching her confidence of future and immediate courage, that she drew tears from almost all those who were present.

Her prayer ended, she arose. The terrible moment had arrived, and the executioner approached to assist her in disrobing. She smiled at those duties submitted him away, saying, with a smile, that she had never had such services before. She then called Jean Kennedy and Elizabeth Curll, who had remained all the time upon their knees at the foot of the scaffold, and she began to undress herself with their assistance, remarking that she was not accustomed to undress before so many people. The officials grew perforced this list and to help in turn. To prevent the exposure of their grief, she placed her fingers on their lips, and reminded them that she had implored God to cause that they would stow more firmness. "Instead of weeping, rejoice," said she; "I am very happy to leave this world, and in so good company." She then laid down her cloak and took off her veil, reserving only a kind of cap. This cap was trimmed with velvet; then seeing herself on the chair, she gave her hair binding to her women. The executioner having asked her pardon on his knees, she told him that she pardoned everybody. She embraced Elizabeth Curll and Jean Kennedy, and gave them her blessing, making the sign of the cross over their brows; and after having laid her head-dagad her eyes, she desired them to withdraw, which they did, weeping.

At the same time she knelt down with great courage, and, still holding the crucifix in her hands, repeated the psalm, "In Te, Domine, speravi." She then said aloud, and with the most ardent feeling of confidence: "Into Thy hands, O Lord, I give up; commit myself to your hands!" She imagined that her attitude might have struck in the most usual in France—is an upright posture and with the sword. The two masters of the work, perceiving her attitude, signed to her to lay her head low to lay her head on the block; which she did, without ceasing to pray. Then, after the third blow of compassion at the sight of this lamentable misfortune, this horrid occasion, and this miserable sweetness. The executioner himself was moved, and almost with an unsteady hand. The axe, instead of falling at the right place, struck the back of the head, and wounded her; yet she made no movement nor uttered a cry, but remained only on repeating the blow that the executioner struck off her head; which he held up, saying, "God save Queen Elizabeth!" "Thus," added Dr. Fletcher, "may all her enemies perish!" A solitary voice was heard after this, which was that of a lady that was of the gloomy Earl of Kent.

A black dog was known over her remains. The two curls did not leave to the executioner, so wishing to conceal the terrible cross around her neck, the chaplain impended to her girdle, nor the clothes she wore at her death, lest these dear and precious relics should be redeemed by her servants and transformed into relics. They therefore burned everything that had touched her, to prevent anything being kept that had been stained with her blood, all trouble of the executioner had to be removed. Just as they were lifting the body to remove it into the staircase of the castle, in order that it might be embalmed, they perceived that the little dog, which had slipped in beneath her cloak, between the lining and the dress, had not left her corpse. He would not quit the bloody spot, and they were forced to remove him.

HABITS.

Habits.—Of all qualities, a sweet temper is the most indispensable to the happiness and usefulness of life. The peculiar disposition is not watched; care is not taken to distinguish between the pure and noble child, and the obstinate, and the timid. The children of the poor are allowed a freedom which the children of wealth never know; orders; and they are free from the salutary restraints imposed by ritual is termed "company." When in the enjoyment of health and vigor and strength, the ungoverned temper of the poor is one of their most valuable gifts, and their rich companion under affliction, whether mental or bodily, is the want of much pain and evil, the child might with advantage study to imitate them.

Habits.—Like fakes of snow that fall unperceived upon the earth, the seemingly unimportant events of life succeed one another. As the snow prepares for the storm, so does habits formed in single fake that is added to the pile produces a sudden avalanche that overwhelms its victim forever it may exhibit, a man's character; but as the tempest hurls the avalanche in thunder, destruction, and overwhelms the inhabitant and his habitation, or passion, acting upon the elements of mischief, which prepare him for the commission of crime by imperceptible accumulation, may overthrow the edifice of truth and virtue.

Mercies or Suffering.—There is speaking well, speaking easily, speaking lucky, and speaking successfully. It is offending against the last to speak of successfulness before the judgment, and sound limbs and health before the infirm of lowness and boobs before one who has not so much as a dwelling; in a word, to speak of your prosperity before the miserable. This conversation is cruel, and this comparison which naturally rises in them betwixt their condition and yours is excruciating.

TO THE WORLD.

BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

Sing for the blessed and tender darkling
That abides in the beauty of innocent eyes;
Sing for the glory of whirling and waving
Rain in the infinite and heedless skies!

Sing, when the daylight-music of blue eyes ray dies:
Sing when their summer of splendor ceases!
Sing, when the magic of clouds, gone from the eyes,
Blankets in the dove of some cherished one's breast!

Sing for the strength that hath overcome thee victorious
For the wild armies of sorrow and pain;
Sing for the wine that hath made thee glorious—
Sing! for none sorrow and suffer in vain!

Sing! when the tears of the grave overflow thee;
Sing when the cloud of the coffin-lid hovers and falls;
Sing when the silence of death comes between thee—
Noblest of all is the victor's dark hymn!

THE REFUGEE IN PARIS.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

The following striking incident, furnished us by an American gentleman, has a raidient in the various capitals of Europe. Elsewhere a dark page in the history of one well known to fame, which may began in brightness, ascended in glory, and ended in gloom.

It was, if I remember rightly, (until the narrator) in the summer of 1851, that, one afternoon, I chanced to pass through the Rue de ——, one among the many miserable streets of Paris. I had some business to attend to upon my arrival, which so engrossed my attention that I gave little heed to any thing around me; and with my eyes upon the ground I was hurrying through the dark and narrow street, when I suddenly became aware that some one, standing still before me, obstructed my progress. Turning aside to pursue my way, I looked up, and encountered—Whom, do you suppose? A pair of the most remarkable eyes I ever beheld—black, keen, piercing, and full of that peculiar, indescribable power, which has not inaptly been termed magnetic fascination.

The possessor of those remarkable eyes was a middle-aged man, of small stature, and rather stout, neatly dressed "in black, with fine, regular, somewhat Grecian features—the whole countenance being expressive of shrewdness, force, and intellect in expression.

"Pardon me, sir!" he said, in a bland, insinuating tone, politely lifting his hat, and speaking in my native tongue, "if I am not mistaken you are a fellow-countryman—an American?"

I am certainly an American," I replied, re turning his salutation.

"Doubtless you think the interruption somewhat singular? he pursued; "but the fact is, I am in trouble here; and if it would not be intruding too much upon your time and patience, I crave as a favor that you would step to my humble lodgings close by, and hear something of my story."

"I am entirely at leisure," I replied; for I have business on hand which will admit of little delay."

"But I will detain you only for a few minutes," he rejoined, "and deeply regret that a force of circumstances compels me to trouble you at all."

There was something in the air, voice, and manner of the speaker, which was irresistible; and unfortunately, though, I yielded to the request. And

"Have the kindness to follow me," he said; and crossing the street, we entered a sort of court, and stopped before a large, high building, which I knew, from its appearance and locality, was devoted to lodgings of the poorer and humbler classes. Here he turned to me, and hastily added:

"I regret to be obliged to trouble you for a high ascension—but poverty in Paris has no choice."

"It is possible that a gentleman of your appearance resides here?" I observed, somewhat hesitatingly.

"It is one of those possibilities which misfortune has fixed upon me as present," he answered. And seeing me still hesitate, he quickly added: "Have no fear, sir! I trust you will find me too much of a gentleman to go to any length."

"For that matter, sir," I replied, "I have no fear. Pray lead the way—I will follow you."

We accordingly ascended one pair of stairs after another, till, arriving from below, we reached a seventh story, when, producing a key and unlocking a door, he ushered me into a small apartment, comfortably fitted, but, as I observed at a glance, a few other indispensable articles, the appearance of the whole betokening the extremity of poverty.

"Be seated, sir," he said. "You see I do not expect you to pay me a fashionable visit. Though I have myself sat an honored guest in the salon of the grandest and the noblest, and my own manners have not been those of a boor, my fortune has changed, sir, with me—wholly changed, alas! Yet do not consider me reduced on this account, for you are aware, all gentlemen are subjected sometimes to the fortune's sudden and bitter frowns; and I came hither with limited means, expecting to be reimbursed as soon as I could advise my friends of my locality; but this French and English quarrel—which I regret as much as Napoleon himself—prohibiting all American vessels from entering French ports, under penalty of seizure—has so effectually put a stop to all intercommunication between the two countries; and so, for a long time, I have been in the predicament you find me—home-less. To make matters still worse, sir, a few remain—for which none are shamed but to the Emperor, and so wrought upon his jealous fears, that he has refused me a pass to go, or a space of ages to return—by the which you perceive, sir, I have neither liberty to go nor to stay—and can neither get funds from abroad, nor enter into engagements for my subsistence here."

He said all this in a clear, calm, even tone of voice, keeping his dark, lustrous eyes fixed steadily upon my face, as if to read every passing thought of my mind.

"Pardon me, sir!" I said, scarcely knowing what to think or reply, "you will excuse me if I appear rude—"

"My own, perhaps!" he returned, "may be answered by your look—but it is not improbable that the cause of some of my connections may have reached your ear. My surname is Edwards, and I am a native of Massachusetts, where, also, is not undistinguished either in America or Europe."

A faint "Oh!" I replied. "You are right—the name of the distinguished Jonathan Edwards is not unknown to me. And so you are his grandson? Then you are a relative of Aaron Burr?"

"Unfortunately, he is my cousin," he replied, still looking me steadily in the eye.

"Unfortunately," I rejoined, "he has proved himself an unworthy man, though possessing talents of the highest order."

"Let him pass," he said, quietly; "I seldom recall his name with pleasure."

"But he had a worthy father," I pursued, "and a sister who honors the wife of the honorable Judge Storer, with whom family my own have some slight acquaintance."

"Will you also oblige me with your name?" said my new acquaintance.

I informed him that my name was Fairbanks, and that I was a native of New London, Connecticut; and then, looking at my watch, I added:

"Since I know who you are, and as my time is limited, pray speak freely, and say in what manner I can serve you."

"I am almost ashamed to confess," he rejoined, "but, in the first instance, many of the things I want; and in the second, some means of leaving this inhospitable country. A loan, to the amount would be thankfully received; and I pledge you my honor, it shall eventually be repaid with usurious interest."

"Nay," returned, laughing, "I am not an usurer, to take advantage of a fellow-countryman in distress; and for the little which my present means will enable me to do for you, I shall at any time be satisfied with the principal."

With this I took from my pocket a not overfilled purse, and counted him down the sum of a hundred francs.

"May God bless you, sir!" he exclaimed, for the first time betraying any emotion, as his small, slender fingers closed nervously upon the coin. "I feel that a brighter day is dawning—I feel that I shall no longer stay. But, sir, you have told me not your name, he hurriedly pursued. "This money you have been so kind as to loan me, is one half I possess in the world—I am in a world of French—which, as it appears, in my utmost limit is present. Let me not be poor, sir, in being rich this very day, which is marked on the blackest in my calendar—as I was about to quit this inhospitable, I was arrested by a creditor, who demanded payment in full of all I owed him, and, behold, Mr. Fairbanks, do you suppose was the amount?"

"I cannot guess," I returned.

"That!" he replied, with a smile—"you a Yankee in France, and cannot guess for what amount I was arrested! I will tell you—seventy-four! I went back, overhauled my purse, and found it contained—exactly, sir, the sum you have spoken aught to wound my feelings. He said my offer had been made in kindness, and should have been received as such; that he was aware that many by whom he had been bitterly wronged in various ill turn, for all that, could not be considered his enemies, which he now wished me to overlook.

"Pardon me, sir," I replied, "I have no, sir," he went on, "for you are a gentleman; and whatever misfortune you may be able to render me, I trust you will not hesitate to command me."

I thanked the broker was not expected.

"No," I replied my companion. "We know it is against the law, for in the time of the last revolution, and little character is above suspicion. Some one who knew that his son was packed to go off this morning, must have taken advantage of the circumstance, and thus lugged him off to prison. I suppose that this law was thrown the tables upon another. It was an old trick, and a very successful one. It was evidently done for revenge."

"Have you think so?" I asked.

"Because fragments of the clothing were upon the limbs, and a watch and some money were found in his pockets. Strange, isn't it?"

I acknowledged that it was.

"Well, sir," he went on, "I am at this juncture, and are we had opportunity to converse much more at length, perhaps, than is safe. We live in a small office, and a commissioner had already arrived. I was ushered into his presence, and he rose and placed together, thus forming a whole frame with the exception of the head, this latter part being represented by a ball. This ball was of the size of a three-score; a tall, well-formed man, and as far as could be judged from the fragments of clothing and the appearance of the hands, a member of the middle class of society.

Our first object was to find if the remains could be identified, but in the vile fallest entirely. Two very queer circumstances at least were light upon the subject, but on the evening of the second day, we received a letter from a human head had been found in a small pool, or pool, in Epping, and was in the possession of the officers of the town.

Here might be a clue, and I was finally set upon the track. I chose to go alone, for on such an errand I desired the most complete freedom from restraint. I felt sure that if I could once get my eye upon the murderer, I should know him. There is something in the very look and bearing of a man who has committed murder, as plain as the sun-shine of the day. I can see it written on his face, though here I cannot tell. It may be a satisfactory conception, or it may be from long habit in hunting rogues.

I arrived in the evening when I started, taking the saddle for my seat, and reached Epping at the close of the following day, and there, sure, I found the human head. It was the very one. It was a fit by the grey hair, and by the manner in which it was cut off, the neck having been divided close by the shoulders. I requested my self to be alone with the corpse, and it might be necessary that my coming should not be known. He was accordingly left alone with the dead, and no one knew that word had been sent to London of the discovery of the head.

In the morning we went out to the place where the terrible proof of crime had been found, and I examined the ground spot of the pond thoroughly. There were too many tracks, however, for me to find any useful information. I did not suppose that the head had been thrown in at night, for it would be in the dead water, and the bottom of it, whereas, had it been thrown in by daylight, the villain would have selected a deeper spot. The murderer must have had a companion to assist him by the great stage-coal through Essex, but I felt sure that I should find him. I then went back and sends Waltham Abbey, and upon this supposition, I proceeded in my search.

My first movement after this was to obtain a suit of laboring-man's clothes, which my host procured for me, and then was at work in a drain in his garden. They were well worn, and when I got them on I looked as much like a drain as any man. I then sang bundle of my own garments, which I tied up in an old cloth, and having packed and hung, swung it upon a stout oaken staff, I placed it over my shoulders, and started off upon the Waltham Abbey road.

If the murderer had done his horrible work in the metropolis, he would have escaped through the way of Epping, he could not have reached the next town before daylight. I made my journey as I guessed at the hours I passed, but I gained no information till I reached Waltham Abbey; and there I was told that a man had passed the night through there on foot, just before daylight, two days previously. Only one person—the brother of an inn—had seen him, and he could give me not the slightest description, not even the traveler's habits.

The road by which I had come led no further, ending here in the great turnpike and eastern mail road to Scotland; and as I did not think the murderer would take such a route, I pushed on by a narrow path, through fields and woods, in direction of Enfield. It lacked farther hour of noon, as I thought I would stop here and get dinner. I felt certain that I was on the track of the man I sought. To be sure, I had gained no reliable information from others, but I felt a peculiar confidence in my own conception, and hence I called to my dinner at the inn, with the firm belief that I should be able to gain some intelligence of my man on that day.

My meal would be ready in twenty minutes, so I was told by the waiter and girl, and I sat down in a side window and looked out upon the street. I was upon the opposite side of which a new brick dwelling was being erected. The walls had been raised above the second-story windows, and half a dozen men were engaged in carrying up bricks and mortar for the mason. I took an interest in seeing these fellows at their work—they were so orderly and regular in their movements. It was up and down the long ladder, in time line, like the drill of a corporal's guard—then up and down again.

But finally I noticed one man who often got in the way of others, and whose movements were strange and erratic. No one else might have seen this as I did, but he arrested my attention in a moment. Said I—

"There is my man!"

A summary method of detecting a murderer, you will say, but it was all plain to me. He was a middle-sized man, of middle age, and dressed in the common garb of a laboring man, but his clothes did not fit him. The trousers were turned up at the bottom, and were closely about the waist; the frock fitted loosely at the collar, and from here he set his bad down to have it filled, he did it with his left hand; and when he started off with the load upon his shoulder he not only moved away quickly, but he did so with a limp. Evidently he stepped entirely unstable to the work. No hod-carrier ever moved so before. They are not proverbially graceful in their gait, but every one is educated for this man's moving as, since his very basis of operations was changed one—by a limped. But as he was not at home, either in his work or his gait; I was determined to watch him closely, and I resolved at once:

I had only one thing more to notice ere I took a step nearer to him, and I was not long in doing that. Soon a carriage stopped at the inn, and as I passed out I spoke upon the ostler to inquire if that he could hardly hold up his head, which was at that time bowed. I could not see whether every one passed the quarry,—at every moment sound of the hammer, the sharp which was the broken rest to me as though I could have seen his very thoughts.

I wanted to see no more, but having thrown my bundle over my shoulder, and seen that the dirt and had been effectually rubbed in my hands, I considered to speak with "my man" first, but asked one of the others if I could find work on the building.

He looked at me a moment, and then said he'd go and find the boss. He was the chief, or "my man" came down the ladder. He was a very gentlemanly looking man, though there was a coldness in his eye which somewhat detracted from his appearance.

"Do you find the work hard here?" I asked him.

He started as though I had struck him.

"What do you want to know for?" he retorted. "Because I have just come to the city, and want work here. A man has just gone to see the employer."

"O, well—the work isn't very hard," he said, comfortably relieved. "But where are you from?"

"From Epping," I told him.

"From Epping!" he said, his head quivered upon his body.

"And, by the way," I added, carelessly, "I saw a horrible sight there."

I waited for him to ask some question, but he only turned away from me, and his head bowed as his whole frame trembled, and his pulse increased.

"It was a pond," I went on, "that I saw. He was passing; I saw a human head in the water. It was cut off. Did you hear of the murder?"

The man started back, and his face assumed a deadly look, while his hod dropped from his hand.

"You look as me as though I did it," he gasped.

"Pooh, pooh!" said I, with a smile of the face with a stern look, I added, "I might as well suppose you murdered the man I saw chopped-up man in the box at Newgate Market?"

The fellow continued to gaze into my face a moment, and then, as if he thought it useless, he he turned to free; but I had watched for this, and as right hand came upon the ladder, I turned, and with the left I held a pistol to his head. At that moment my manager returned, and with him came the foreman.

"I have done my work," said I.

The two gentlemen looked were asked, which I answered as I thought proper. The man at first accused of one to close to him, and then I began to declare his innocence in the most frantic terms. He was then handcuffed, and I started for New London, and we soon had full proof of his guilt. The murderer was had been his father-in-law, and he had killed him in a quarrel concerning money. At the last moment the villain confessed his guilt. He said he had killed the old man with the hammarket with a club, and had then dragged the body into the old cellar, and there left it. It was in the pieces there while he went to see if he could get into the market. This being accomplished he struck it again, for the first thing he saw the box, directed to Sinless. He lifted it, and finding it light—for it was empty—he then conceived the idea of removing some of the contents and packing the body in the box. He then thought that no one would detect him in a rough garb, and at his own work, and so he went to the pond, and he had changed his mind as we have seen.

Ultimately the bad scheme of the inside was that "the London detectives were a strange set of fellows," and that him he was not the only criminal who thought so.

CHARITY.—A lover should be treated with the same gentleness as a new glove. The young lady should pull him on carefully, and not squeeze at first, only making the smallest advances at a time, till she gradually gains upon him, and twists him delicately about her little finger; whereas the young lady who is hasty, and, in too great a hurry, will never get a lover to take her hand, but be left with nothing but her finger nails.

ENDURE.—A man should never be ashamed to own that he has been in the wrong; which is but saying, in other words, that he is wiser to-day than he was yesterday.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 9, 1858.

TERMS.

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REJECTED MANUSCRIPTS.—We will not return rejected manuscripts.

GOVERNMENT.

"For forms of government let fools contest,
That which is best administered is best."

Such was the opinion of a great poet; and it is not Jefferson who will "dissent" from it, when considered who are governed least." So, too, is it our opinion that all the best and most useful functions and sentences of government and diplomacy, are to Manchesterian ideas, concealed and hidden, to secure the peals, honors and profits of government and diplomacy to a disrespired, rod-ridden class. This is a character which can be given to any government by the lawyers and politicians, who have heretofore shaped and directed the affairs of government, in truth, in according to Republican or Democratic principles, a very simple thing, and adapting and administering laws, in the simplest manner possible, to answer those wants and interests. And so diplomacy, that which goes beyond good common sense, ought to be blotted out of a republican system. It is a profession who counsels and secures the greatest good of the greatest number, is the best statesman, though he never saw a court room or law-office.

While Jacobism was purposely boiling his pot-ash, and playing the pedant law-maker, the lamb-like born Bolivarian—this so-big-great, and warrior, negotiator, and governor, that we remember in all history—and the so-considered greatest statesman, renowned as the peer to Byzantine the Roman Empire; conquered from Gold and Vandal, and for more than a thousand years, to the wise re-construction of its government—a reconstruction of which the Imperial Napoleon could not practically conceive, though his unappreciating Brumaire could conceive and execute it. And as it has been that empires have been saved, recovered and founded, not by theoretical writers or statesmen, not by reasoning, but by wars, developed by emergence—men of humble origin, so-called, chivalry; the Cromwells, Napoleons, Washingtons, Bolivars, and even Washingtons, for he had no leather patent of nobility, no diplomas from universities or governmental schools.

But the consummate folly of the doctrine that order is specially, exclusively, and can do the ruling and diplomacy, is most palpable in our country, where many of the most successful and most shining lights, have been self-taught—where all the people read and think, and have opinions—and where, standing outside of the men administering circle of governors, men of practical sense and information enough are sure to detect in our government, and would, if so entrusted, best correct the defects. It is a popular belief in the American people, whose Franklins and Sherman spring unaided from the mass, and whose great administrative talents bound up in so many lawyers and politicians' skins. We regret the idea so opposed to the Industry, Intelligence and genius of our country.

God forbid that we should ever imbibe the doctrine that the Talleyrands, Metternichs, Woolseys, and Richelieus, whether born to station and accomplished—are better fitted to rule us and preserve our government in its simplicity, than hundreds of honest, earnest, practical men, and wives, and patriotic impulses. A man may be specially educated into a good statesman, but many a man has yet existed that did not run down under a system of universal routine to a dull, dreary, and stupid one, and in a system in our country, it is only necessary to keep up this difference to politicians—this impression that lawyers and the best suit only safe makers and executors of law. Certain it is that they have made wise makers, statesmen, or diplomats, kept the world in a state of armed war or civil litigation. They thrive most when there is most confusion, most strife, and it is but natural that they should struggle to keep up the order of things under which they have managed to rule and plunder mankind.

RELY UPON YOURSELF.

Never ask a favor. It is better to suffer than to supplicate, and asking a favor even from your dearest friend, or your nearest relative, is only a mild form of supplication. Get what you want by your own unaided exertions, or go without it. There is more dignity in penury, no matter how abject, coupled with independence, than in opulent comfort gained through the agency of favor. Don't ask or receive a favor. Rather cling to your poverty.

An intimate friend of ours says that when Shakspeare wrote—

"Oh! what a fall was there, my countrymen!"

he had a prophetic eye to the fall of 1857. Who knows?

TRY IT.—The more a man works, the less time he will have to grumble about *hard times*.

SEQUEL OF A BLOODY TRAGEDY.

In the Lessons for December 26th we published a sketch entitled "A Western Duel," giving an account of a horrible fight, some twenty-odd years ago, in a darkened room, between a notorious Judge and a gentleman whom he had grossly insulted, in which the latter was slain and the magistrate terribly mangled. We supposed that the sketch was a piece of high-wrought fancy work, but, to our great surprise and pleasure, the narrative (Chas. J. D. W., a most gentlemanly man) of the duel is the dark, veiled truth, in a few days' study and after satisfying us that the story as told was substantially true, gave us some additional and interesting particulars of the affray.

The duel took place in the year 1834, Capt. W. being then the commander of a steamboat on the Mississippi river. At that time every boat on the Western and Southern waters was infested by gangs of gamblers of the most desperate character, who not only often ruined but also murdered their victims. The vice of gaming had reached a point but little, if any, short of insanity, and fortunes were often lost and won in a night on the Mississippi steamers. The gamblers invariably were by fair play or foul, and if a victim resisted, found they would attack and slay them, or else force them into duels from which a descent man could not decline.

A short time previous to the horrible event now particularly under consideration, Capt. W. met a gentleman of New Orleans, who was the Cashier of one of the leading banks of that city, and, becoming into the hands of the gamblers, been plundered of a vast sum of money belonging to the bank, and brought back home. Soon after this, the Cashier shocked the whole south-western country. A great clamor was raised against the gamblers, and Captain W., who was then a young but spirited and brave man, determined that they should not escape from his boat, and that there should be no more gaming in his cabins, a determination which he at once and boldly announced.

Great was the wrath of the gamesters at this course on the part of the Capt.; and they swore they would have his heart's blood. An opportunity soon occurred for the gamblers to put their vow to his murder in an unfair fight. Hence the horrid duel above referred to, and which is described in the Lessons of December 26th. "A bullying gamester," a notorious and blood-thirsty ruffian named Campbell, threw a glass of wine in the face of a friend of Captain W., and this at once led to the pitting of the gambler against a desperado each other in moral contest. The gamester being an expert duelist and a much larger and stronger man than the captain, it was agreed by the latter's friends, in order to equalize the combat, that it should take place in a dark room. This was not only agreed to, but the combatants were stripped naked, and armed with bowie knives, so that no unfair clinching.

Thus prepared, and armed with pistols and Bowie knives, the duelists entered the room from which both, and perhaps neither, would ever come out alive. The fight commenced, it is the manner previously described. After the combatants had been engaged for some time, the second proceeded in clinching with Capt. W., and hurled him to the floor; but the captain, who never for a moment lost his presence of mind, kept a perfect pistol upward as they went down, and the gambler falling upon it, was killed on the spot instantly.

Capt. W. was himself nearly "cut into mincemeat," but he recovered completely; and though he ever did so, we cannot imagine, after having seen the frightful scars which cover his body, and which he will carry to the grave.

A TIMELY THOUGHT.

Winter is beautiful to those who is mulled in garments that defy its allegs. Beautiful to the rich, to the proud and the gay, but to the poor, and to the shelter of hospitable roofs, full larders, and glowing fires. To the wayfarer and the poor, it is termine and laugh at the frost, dancing like crystallized star-beams while all around is the most extensive. The poor, the needy, the sick, the aged, the lovers of rare instruments and joyous laughter, who has never the means of buying, but depend on the kindness to convey him, and breathes of air tempered by health and a comfortable home. Those who have such as one (and there are thousands of them) little thinks that this winter, which glows so brightly in beneficient deeds to the poor, will be one of starved heaven by night, is a terrible thing to contemplate. Thousands of families, men, women, and children, perhaps roofless, and wanting from suppliers many of the necessaries, comforts, and devices, pittance of food and raiment. Surely it is timely to think of these, and not only to think of, but to act for them. We are not ashamed to apology for frequent recurrence to a topic like this.

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"If we believe," says Sir Walter, "in the divine origin of the commandment, the Sabbath is instituted for the express purpose of religious duty, it does set apart in the 'Sabbath of the Lord' a day in which we are not to work our own works, or think our own thoughts. The benefit is positive and the purpose clear. For our eternal benefit a certain space of every week is peremptorily withdrawn from all other avocations, save those immediately connected with mercy, which no prudent man will overwhelm a portion of mankind.

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FRESH FERN LEAVES.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1856, by ROBERT BONNER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

HOLIDAY PRESENTS.

What shall we give? it is the point to those who have the wherewithal to warrant the consideration of the question always to continuance but answer. There are plenty of things for ladies, as everybody knows, but there are always a few days' study available each present. There are cigar cases, to be sure, in every form of elaboration and adornment; and there's the ever-welcome and valuable habit of smoking; and there are purses, too; but unfortunately, they are too suggestive, just now, of melancholy reflections; and there is the unfailing resource of a pair of slippers, or a dressing-gown, or a dressing-gown, considered safe and proper even by the most virulent disciple of cold (who, after all, only needs a cold shower-bath or her cock a few thawing moments to make her human); and having enumerated all these, I will trust it to anybody who has ever bewitched her shoemaker hunting for male mysteries, if I never yet exhausted that list. Of course we all know that the men—spoiled creatures—would prefer to anything else a basket of pickled oysters, for all of which we indignantly refuse to be responsible, and which will still the great question remains unanswered, What present shall I give to the gentleman?

Mimes they don't seem to fancy, and gloves and neck-ties need mourning and fitting, which all ladies hate to do; and as for books, I apologize, they all look like flights in—what's to be done? I have never heard of a single gentleman in such case there are any quantity of sacerdotal souvenirs, which his perish-ables with hasn't blood enough to object to.

There are books, to be sure; but if the male reader can't find a book to suit him among the long-ing-house to another every time his coffee is weak, he turns on his heel in disgust, by the by, and I consider these freight an unmitigated nuisance, in which the latter day will continue to have full scope, for the encouragement of an itinerant book-vender, or the paper trunk of Sally the chunkermaid, to be carried on the backs of the unfortunate children, whilst its fellow revives not put down in the bill, ruffian named Campbell, threw a glass of wine in the face of a friend of Captain W., and this at once led to the pitting of the gambler against a desperado each other in moral contest. The gamester being an expert duelist and a much larger and stronger man than the captain, it was agreed by the latter's friends, in order to equalize the combat, that it should take place in a dark room. This was not only agreed to, but the combatants were stripped naked, and armed with bowie knives, so that no unfair clinching.

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THE NEW YEAR.

BY MRS. L. B. SIGOURNEY.

The New Year's more, serenely fair,
A frost-work garland in his hair,
Comes, watching as he scroll the date
Of eighteen hundred fifty-eight.
And yet, though ruddy is his cheek,
He fastens none to wreath
Of rose or myrtle, for he knows
Such flowers are often false.
While listening with an ear professed,
To one revolving word
"Hard times! Hard times!"—a dismal wail
From town and sea and shore,
"Hard times!" the shrieking steamships cried;
"Hard times!" the clattering mill replied,
And for the winged gales prolong
The fury tone of that forceful song.

Hark! from those lips what accents flow
Expressive to the ear of woe?
Can it be such as love require
Who wreath this strength that might repair it,
If fortune may overtake the wise,
But they should have the power to bear it.
The spider-banner of the brave—
Or Bryant's history—I feel it!
Fall ere some will be broken thread.
But at the seventh, upon my word joined it;
And on the first gleam of hope,
Will the gentle dies of Hannah Cook
And while we walk on friendly together,
Before twelve months are, through wind and weather,
Surprises my counsel good should be
Through shade, through sun, as need to float it),
Pity at the time, for what you buy,
Pity at your counsel, for without it.
Let those who have a surplus, spare
In this future it spend it;
Then will live hand, and feeling heart,
Which to the needy, disperse and bear it.
Give work to Labor's willing toil,
And shops where the sad shall find employ
A kindly word in their behalf,
And to the sick, the cheering glad
Let women in her spheres maintain
Of pure accuracy the rein,
And bid to bright and sunny
Man's varying troubles through the day
As gentleness reads the cloud away
So from those hard times, fruits shall grow
That kindly care can ever know.

Thanks, good New Year! we'll strive to be
Such friends to the poor as you are to me.
Lets look across old Ocean's bed,
And see what changes there take place,
Though, earth to say, it was our mind
To be for, a crawling way to find
Whereby to sell and bear the cross,
Which for us sent thither when at home,
And gossip through the submarine
Though waves like mountains roll between.
New element bearer, and bustle-busy
Have stopped the life-blood very
White Ants 'mid her valley sandal
Where Ocean's bed is now a meadow,—
Or Fishes, through the forest glide
For cannon and on bamboo ground,
Which taught to Indian's warrior's bow
Now hunters save the greed of gain,
Nor spared with vain hand to defend
The jewel'st harbour from her hand.
Where farm through, and Nature's store,
With Superstition inspired and severe,
Have wrought such deeds of wrath and shame,
As shuddering Language fails to name.

But then, my Muse, thou wilder free,
Peace-chide her bosoms on thee,
And persons forth doth unfold pour
Her harvest gold from shore to shore;
Her shrewd civilization, her hardest wisdom
Her bread for distant climes to eat,—
While Commerce spreads her canvas sails,
And thronging o'er the verdant vales,
And Invention seeks to find
Safe shelter and posterity

Then when the vernal sun shall sweep
Away these wintry shadows deep,
And waking spirits from the vast
With quickened heart and brightening eyes,
For in his hand and secret hour
Are the true tribes of the land.
Then when the Spring time flushes
And all the trees are budding,
The Tailwind floats that never cheat
And journey on the notes
Hail, Persons! Princes of the sea,
Ready your sweetest lays to wake,
With vigorous hand and honest pride
Count your labor supplied.
Nor cast them out, beyond your aid,
Upon the cruellest sea of fate,
To be by storms and breakers lost,
Wreckless on Pity's unlimited host.

Be full of hope, my Native Land,
Act like to that true friend and kind,
That all thy sons from east to west,
In His protection richly bind,
May as a band of brothers rest,—
And thus for Year's departing day
Freely increase on His altar lay.

A NEGLECTED HERO.

It is about a dozen years since the press and the people began to look earnestly for the construction of a railroad and telegraph across the American continent to California. Many and learned books, and bringing all the sections of our vast territory into closer and more compact, and thereby more powerful, and more wealthy. Nothing was more impressively demanded as this enterprise in, not only as judicious (when completed) in advance of all other nations, through our then superior commercial relations with the world, but also as an almost indispensable means of preserving the union of the States. Without such a road, and the telegraph, it was feared by many that the Federal Government would be unable to hold, and control the distant territories, and that they would, in consequence, become independent, and be the winged gales prolong

Many plans were proposed, and many surveys made, but nothing was done. Congress could not agree upon the best route, and the enterprise was abandoned. Then it was that a young but spirited and brave man, determined that they should not be, and that there should be no more gaming in his cabins, a determination which he at once and boldly announced.

Great was the wrath of the gamesters at this course on the part of the Capt.; and they swore they would have his heart's blood. An opportunity soon occurred for the gamblers to put their vow to his murder in an unfair fight. Hence the horrid duel above referred to, and which is described in the Lessons of December 26th. "A bullying gamester," a notorious and blood-thirsty ruffian named Campbell, threw a glass of wine in the face of a friend of Captain W., and this at once led to the pitting of the gambler against a desperado each other in moral contest. The gamester being an expert duelist and a much larger and stronger man than the captain, it was agreed by the latter's friends, in order to equalize the combat, that it should take place in a dark room. This was not only agreed to, but the combatants were stripped naked, and armed with bowie knives, so that no unfair clinching.

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WIT AND WISDOM.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED—PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LEDGER BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

It has been insidiously said that lawyers habitually take advantage of their unacquainted, and, if such be good authority, they sometimes secure the undertaker after death. That fascinating person, being connected with the society by the relations of a respectable practitioner, to whom he had been in his wonted active and wise directions should be given as to the funeral. "What may be your pleasure in the premises?" he will say. "I do not much know; but in London, when a lawyer dies, his body is disposed of in a very cheap and simple way. We had it up in a cocoa over night, and by the next morning it has arrived, tolerably decomposed, and in a state to be read through and laid on a stringer; but there is invariably such a strong smell of the parchment, that, after that, we use form a shroud gauze as the character of the entertainment."

MARQUESAS is a paradise for life and civilized society. There are two sorts of insequences—simulation, or the appearance to be what you are not, and dissimulation, or what you are; and we are all monkeys under cover of the one or the other—some of us, indeed, under both sorts at the one extremities of life, those who are young, and those who are beneath, all regard for appearances. As a general consequence of their dislike to always appearing precise to disguise themselves in some esteemed virtue, the only way to deduce the real character is to read them backwards—as you do a fortune book.

THE papers tell us of a little city girl in the country, who, looking out of the window, exclaimed, "Oh, Ma, who will ever think of making that on a cow, and asked with prudent brow growing out of their heads?" But we are no advocates of the city-bred girl in the city, who, exclaimed, "Oh, mother, where does queer-looking people that are going while, grow about the mechanism under grass noses?"

MAGNANIMITY is not often littleness as greatness of mind. There is a cheap species, which prompts us to feel contemptuously above the petty malice of the malicious to make a happy rejoicer. We can well believe that, when Sheridan had one of his many quarrels with Kean, it was his interest to pay the principal, and it is not my principle to pay the interest." So much for the man who could not gallantly endured the amount of the till—he was able to borrow the money.

LIGHT, like the circulating blood which returns to the heart, is the source of life, and the clear sky performed the functions for which it was emitted from that body. Some of the rays of light are reflected, others are the divine sorrow when released from the body, is where best suited for the purpose.

LOVERS must not trust too implicitly to any of their five senses. A mother never trusts her boy as well letting a rival kiss her head, a fact that she instinctively knows, "as per rule" in the case of a lover. Nay, we are not sure that she does not know it, since you believe your love is professors in my words.

HABITUATED as we are to the association of drowning with the sea, we are apt to forget that it is the most common mode of death on land. Of a family of seventy good ones in marriage, because it never was the knack of drowning, the proportion of deaths by water is upwards in the married state ought ever to reach the heart.

THE Duke of Wellington was asked by a foreigner seemingly very fond of peaches, and cap that—the neutral family was reduced to fix quite on the extent of his fortune. We suspect that, if he himself could fairly fix upon it with the most accurate of his friends, he would find it to extend many yards of rope as ever a jogger did at an exhibition.

THE splendor of a Roman Catholic Cathedral remains is not to be measured by years and months, but by what and centuries—the work of ages. It is the growth and contemplate during our pilgrimage upon earth; and, in this point of view, the most splendid edifice of man is but a mole in comparison with his remote ancestors.

A CERTAIN gentleman of a certain conversation seeks an "ownership of any able writer's dignity." He had better consider whether he has not already got it, and whether between dirt can make one upon the human race in making free.

A FEMALE correspondent of a St. Louis paper speaks of a quiet lady as "a perfect gem." Yes, such she *must* be ripe. It seems a pity that ladies in that city have to wear diamonds, for they are the only gentlemen ever ready to save them the trouble.

A WESTERN in one of our medical journals insists that finger-rings should not be worn one small. We insist that they should not be worn at all. Nothing small in print either should not be worn loosely.

We are glad that, in the blight of three miles from the earth, the temperature is always the same. That's being above the weather, at all events, and not exposed to in those hard times when it is to be under it.

AN editor, a neighbor of ours, has made a contemporary "a fixin," and says that he has him under his thumb. We want to know what he has done.

A BROKELESS has one important advantage of most kinds of mechanics—the pond, wherever finished, are always sa'd.

CURRENT ITEMS.

AMONG other recent items of news from New Mexico, it is stated that a party of Indians, who had been attacked by a large force of Indians, and three of them mortally wounded, fled to a house for shelter and defence, and succeeded in gaining a clump of trees situated in the rotten part of the house, and from these they kept up a fire of balls with their carrying rifles, that the Indians, after besieging the house for several hours, were forced to retire with the loss of several.

A FOUR woman named Danvers, living in Avenue B., and her three children—the youngest about three, and the eldest about seven years old—were found in their room a few mornings since. On investigation, it was found that they were all dead from suffocation. Some charcoal—probably lighted by the mother's own hand, to end the misery of herself and children—was found in the room.

A LADY living near Smithfield, Virginia, who was married a little over two years ago, has already presented her husband with four children—two pairs of twins—at six of which (three boys and three girls—five a boy and girl—twins) she is the mother, and the other seven (three boys and four girls) are the issue of the second marriage.

A YOUNG man named McKeown, residing in Brooklyn, has been arrested on the charge of having killed a gentleman, who called lately for the police, and on an official visit to the house of McKeown, was shot by the latter in the presence of his wife. The deceased was in the act of going to bed, to which he had retired, when he was shot. He died in a few hours after the commission of the deed.

A LADY of Boston, who has not lived with her husband for some time past, recently attended St. Paul's Church, and, on entering the pew, found a gentleman occupying a seat with her husband. She at once took the chair, robbed her of her cloak, shawl and parcel, and seated herself between them, to the astonishment of the congregation.

AT a serenade recently given to the Hon. John C. Breckinridge, at New Orleans, a gentleman became exasperated at the noise made by the band, and rushed out of the house with a pistol in either hand, and fired at the musicians, without one of the balls taking effect.

THE MECHANICS are said to be preparing for a grand review and procession on the 22nd inst., when they say six grandmasters, and not United States' troops, will be reviewed by Governor Wise, and a number of other distinguished gentlemen.

A MAN in Philadelphia was recently gazed of hydrophobia by swallowing vinegar. A pint and whisky-punch, and a few cigars, however, would have used a dozen of success.

THE war cloud on the continent of Europe is raging at a fearful rate. At Hamburgh, twenty of the leading houses have failed, and the panic is spreading to Copenhagen.

THE Rev. Mr. STOTALL, of New Orleans, has been convicted of the murder of a woman with whom he had been criminally intimate with for some time past.

MISS CLARA TAYLOR, a young lady of Columbus, Ohio, recently committed suicide, on Sunday, when her parents were at church, by hanging herself in her room.

JF is said that, owing to a falling off in the supply of ice cities in Paris this season, there will probably be a rise to the price of 4 cents this cold winter.

A NEW YORK editor suggests that the people should have a President who can "discriminate all opposition." Agreed. We nominate Paul Morphy.

A MAN named Vreeland, while visiting Newark on Saturday evening, by leaning against some fencing, fell, and his own in the head.

YESTERDAY.

BY ALICE CARY.

I.

I, to whom all yesterday
Were almost same as one;
Noticed, toward, less'd of care,
I can only see since then.

Sad, and deathly blind with tears,
Have I lived a thousand years
Since the time he came to me,
Yet 'twas only yesterday!

But me, ye of longer sight,
Who the world as best sight,
Are this love of mine, so kind,
Blessed me all I was not blind.

Did the tempting see to close
Like the shutting of a rose?
And the daybreak shine with dew
As it smile were made since?

Did the sunset's white grass invite
Companies of stars to night?
And the meteors lie abroad
Like the great broad seals of God.

Life was like a volume shut,
All the heavenly lesson closed,
Till Alonzo came to me—
Came and kissed me, and I see.

THE CROWN JEWELS.

A TALE OF LONDON AND PARIS.

BY MR. HOBART W. WILSON,

AUTHOR OF "LADY CLAYTON'S SIN," "THE DOUBLE MARRIAGE," ETC., ETC., ETC.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1887, by ROBERT BONNER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

CHAPTER XXII.

KATE'S FLIGHT FROM THE TOWER.—RICHELIEU'S LIVING TOMB.

Although neither John Hinchcliff nor Sir Paul Varney could imagine how or with whom the lovely and high-spirited Kate had escaped from the Tower, the intelligent reader has, doubtless, already come to the conclusion that she fled with the fascinating Frenchman, the Count Louis de Blonville. And so she did. The count loved her devotedly and honorably, and she returned his love with all the pure and passionate fervor of her ardent and unsophisticated nature. On leaving the Tower, the count had taken her to his pleasant cottage near Varney Castle, where it was agreed (Kate first telling the count the story of her life), which he said only made him love her the more,) that they should be married on the 12th of the ensuing January. The settled time now descended on this duby; but Kate said her fortune had been told at different times by different persons, one of whom had said she would either die or be married on the 12th of January, and therefore the wedding must be on that day. The gallant Frenchman acknowledged himself satisfied, and quickly and tactfully consented to the arrangement, by strolling about the grounds and viewing Varney Castle, Kate discovered that she was in the absence of her husband, and meeting with Dame Hubbard, Sir Paul's old housekeeper, at the castle (who instantly recognized her by her striking likeness to her dead mother), she listened much of the story of that mother's life and sorrows, and was conducted to her grave, upon which she wept and prayed for many an hour, at morn and noon, and eve and midnight. On her return from a stroll one day, herring from her French maid, Lisette, that a rough and savage man had been to the cottage inquiring for her, and that he was described as dwelling all over, notwithstanding the indignant maid's commands to him to leave the house, Kate at once divined that this unceremonious brute was no other than John Hinchcliff, and communicating her fears of him to Count de Blonville, or Louis, as she now called him, he at once sought lodgings for her elsewhere, and procured, as we learn, from the old town abbey of Sir Paul Varney. The reader will now understand what beautiful lady it was watching (as described in chapter XIX.) at the window of the abbey, and listening to the step approaching from without, and who was surprised on the door being unbarred, to say, instead of the Count Louis, a stout stranger entered. How the mystery was soon explained. The stranger had a letter from Louis. He had been suddenly called over for France (the letter said) suddenly, on business of pressing importance; he would soon be back; in the meantime he prayed that the fair lady would be so devotedly loved, and keep her safe until his return.

This was a terrible blow to the lonely girl; but Lisette reasoned, argued, and persuaded that now they should soon all return to la belle France—to Paris, the only place fit for rational beings to dwell in. That her best day-dreams—and even here she suddenly checked herself, and in much confusion said she meant her *chief* dreams.

Kate was startled. "Prince Louis?" And then all the mysterious meetings and conversations that she had known Louis to be engaged in—what could they all mean? Was he really a Prince? Had he gone to France on some important and necessary enterprise? Alas! alas! she should never see him more.

It will be remembered that we left Hinchcliff enclosed in the horrid cavern of the dungeon of the castle at Conyboree-Ford. When the turnkey found himself so suddenly shut within the recess by the quick motion of Hart Ingoldsby, and in reviewing the scene, his first impulse was to utter a loud cry of mingled rage and terror, and throw himself against the stone with all the weight of his herculean athletic and stout frame. But he will was too thirkk to be frustrated by his voice, and if it had been heard, it would have fallen on ears which self-interest had sealed up with him inseparably. After a brief struggle to get out of his living tomb, he was satisfied that he was conquering his foes in vain. He gave vent to deep curses upon the unfortunate, and seating himself on a stone bench, he shrieked with madness. This paroxysm passed, he stood trembling like a leaf at the prospect of certain death. He crouched, and his ears rose to the breadth and height of the place, as if to catch the faintest sound, a time it would require to reach the air, and convert it into poisonous carbon. As he fell his head struck the stone, and they were clear. He continued to move his hand about, and ascertained that the receptacle was perfectly circular, about the width of a large wine puncheon, and six feet high, his head being within a few inches of the roof.

At this discovery he uttered a cry of joy; for he recollected that in the Tower there were four precisely such constructions for as many different apartments, the secret of which he was, as a turnkey, well acquainted with, having years before entered them, shut himself in, and released himself. In fact, this very recess he was now in was, two hundred or more years ago, constructed by one of the lords of Conyboree, in imitation of those in the Tower, to conceal his plate and treasures in from Cromwell's soldiery.

The turnkey now stooped down and began to feel with his hand, which with the excitement of his hope, stung the inner concave edge of the outer hemisphere, until it was arrested by a square head of stone, not above four inches across, which he hastily pushed aside and, feeling in the cavity beneath, found a spring. It was placed there by the original constructor, in case an accident should confine any one while in it, not to enable prisoners to escape. Hinchcliff finding this iron beneath his hand, stood up and grasped it, and turned his attention. It was quite large enough to admit his body, but it was heavily and securely grated with iron bars, which crossed one another at right angles, having square spaces hardly wide enough to pass the hand through.

In trying to climb to the window, he slipped and dropped to the floor, when he felt the slab beneath him. He sprang aside, thinking he was falling through the stone floor, when he perceived that he had fallen upon one of the trap doors which are found so often in the more ancient mansions of the British nobles, who in their civil wars and rebellious devised ways and places of escape and secrecy which at the present day are little dreamed of. His vocation in the Tower had familiarized him with all such secret inventions. He instantly began to grow every part of the slab with his feet, particularly the corners, when it turned itself up otherwise upon a horizontal axle, leaving an oaken side of its perpendicular faces, a dark opening eighteen inches wide, one of which cases now receiving him bodily. But he lingered and stood upon the floor, with an exclamation of joy, gazed down into the opening.

"Heaven has not wholly left me to perish! I shall find a way of escape now by this."

He immediately let himself down upon a staircase beneath, which firmly received his feet. He descended until he was below the floor, and found that the intense darkness was pierced towards the river by a faint glimmer, which was all the light of star light. On every other side all was pitchy dark, and the air was close and stifling as in a sepulchre. It was a fearful place, but it held out to him a hope of release; recalling the history of the steppod from the last stair to the wet floor the trap-door over head swung up and fell into its place, shutting him totally in. The turnkey proceeded to him more awful than that from which he had rescued himself by ingenuity. The darkness now entered man shuddered as he realized his helplessness, and fell that perhaps he should go mad in the search the horrible vaults of the chateau. Fixing his eyes upon the faint light, which quite disappeared if he looked at it straight, and seeing only with a careful oblique glance, he moved towards it groping with his hands. He found himself in a vault which at every step grew deeper and still deeper. When it came up to his knee he stopped and tasted to go on. The scarcely perceptible rays were still before him, but hardly increased in distinctness. He took courage from this, and the consciousness if there was safety it only lay in that direction, led him to go on. The water at length came to his middle and then to his arm pits; yet the light increased at each step and his progress would be could see it faintly reflect upon or through the water, he could not tell which. He pressed forward, and being a tall man of great size, he commenced to swim. As he drew near to the gloomy appearance he saw that it actually came from the outside, transmitted through the water, by means of a low arch, into which the river tide flowed at high-water. This certainly removed his hopes, and swimming forward, with new vigor, he came where the arch left a small space for his head and shoulders. The fact caused a shudder of horror, for he saw that if the river continued there till the flood was in, it would, as the signs showed, have risen above the arch between the surface and the upper stories, and he would evidently have been drowned. But a few strokes of his strong arm brought him to the outer side of the wall in which was the low arch that let in through the water the noxious light which had guided him, and diving deep beneath the surface to clear the arch with his head, he came up into broad daylight and on the bosom of the Thames.

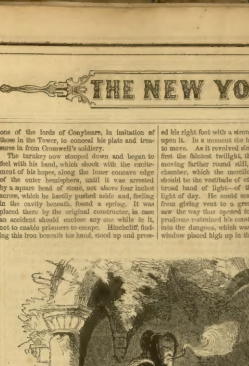
For a moment, as he saw the light of the sun, the assurance of his safety made him so weak that he could hardly keep above water; but realizing his escape fully he grew attentive to a great cake of thatchhouse, and in a few strokes was at the bank beneath an overhanging tree.

He did not delay a moment for fear of being discovered from the chateau, for he felt that it might endanger his life still if he fled should know of his escape. He now ran rapidly down the banks of the river until he came to the spot on which passed through the hamlet of Conyboree-Ford to the Ford. It was yet very early, and few were astir. He soon gained the door of the village, it being his purpose to make his way to Edmundson, twenty miles distant, where he could by his duties, and decide what he should do next in order to revenge himself upon the two noblemen who had shown such indifference to his life.

ed his right foot with a strong downward pressure upon it. In a moment the heavy rock door began to move. As it revolved slowly there was visible first the faintest twilight, then more light, until, moving further round still, it let into the dark chamber, which the merciless earl had intended should be the vestibule of eternity to his victim, a broad band of light—of the bright and living light of day. He could scarcely restrain himself from giving vent to a great shouting cry as he saw the way thus opened for his liberation; but an accident should occur—some one looking out into the dungeon, which was lighted by a grated window placed high up in the wall on the side towards the river, he with his first thought of escaping paramount, rushed to the outer door. But as he did so he thought of the treasure, and running back, he caught up a handful of the precious stones and thrust them into the pocket of his jacket.

"I will at least transfer my nest," he said. "Now let me make my way out of this sepulchre! Gen?"

He now tried the door, but it defied his efforts to open it. After carefully examining it, and trying with all his strength to force it, he was satisfied that he could not move it. The only alternative seemed to be the window. To this he now turned his attention. It was quite large enough to admit his body, but it was heavily and securely grated with iron bars, which crossed one another at right angles, having square spaces hardly wide enough to pass the hand through.



KATE VARNEY AND DAME HUBBARD.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE ARREST OF THE BRAZILIAN.

It is the day of the great Jewish ceremony, the Barmitzvah, and the princely son of Salubiel, with eleven other youths, have been admitted into the ranks of the young men of their nation, and solemnly taken the cadre of duty and devotion to their race. Absalom, the son of Jonaphat, has not the splendid figure of the synagogue, but has received exchanged vows of fidelity with her, and given her a costly ruby, one of the Tower jewels, that morning given him by his father. The seven, they have departed, and Salubiel and Jonaphat wrapped in their cloaks, and with their shoeless hats drawn down, are walking to and fro in the vestibule of the synagogue, and conversing in low and sage tones.

"The Tower robbed!" exclaimed Jonaphat, with a look of blank amazement as Salubiel announced it.

"Yes. It is said the police have certain information that the jewels to the amount of two millions have been taken!"

The purchaser of Lord Inglis's treasure gasped. He had given millions for the old sheaves of the blood from it all rushing to his fearful heart.

"Is it right, said you?"

"Yes."

"Who—who?"

He could not articulate! His suspicions were aroused: for he had seen on the mountings of one of the rings to the Lord Mayor, and these upon the loops, the cypher of the English crown.

"Some say," continued Salubiel, "it is the visitors—some my it is the French refugees whom severity, to get money—some say it is an expedition to secure the French throne."

Jonaphat beat his head upon his breast, and looked around him as if he could then lock again in troubled thought!

"Of what are you disturbed, brother?"

"Me? Oh, no! It was a great robbery! What will the thieves do with their booty?"

"Offer to some of us?" said Salubiel, with a smile; "I am surprised that we have not been offered some of the jewels already. Some noble robberies to advance on them! Impudence, my friend, always does have! It will be, however, a terrible loss to them—for they will lose all."

Without saying another word, Jonaphat wrapped himself in his cloak, gave his friend the good evening, and hastened to his home, in which he was alone, for he did not examine more closely his jewels, when Absalom appeared, with his face yet animated by his late conversation.

"Wish me happiness, dear father?"

"Wherefore? Have you not all one, looking up with so pale a face, that Absalom instantly said,

"You are ill, sir?"

"No! But what happiness?"

"Kotzen and I are to be married! She has today given me her sacred pledge."

"Take it as time for marrying and giving in marriage! Where is the ruby?"

"I gave it to her. It was the accepted sent of our betrothal."

Jonaphat looked troubled.

"Is it lost?"

They entered his secret chamber. He locked the door, and opened the safe which contained the jewels. Absalom was alarmed at his manner and ominous looks. He poured the jewels upon a table, and, seeing that from his desk a small book printed in Latin, which gave a minute description and elaborate drawing therein of every jewel in the possession of kings and crowned heads in Europe, and of course, the value of which exceeded fifteen thousand pounds. He turned to the sections headed "Precious stones in the realm of England." He looked at the engravings of several and then, comparing three of the largest that were in the table with them, one after another, he observed a very, loud, fierce, despairing, and tearing cry. It was the cry of misery, he would have doubted his freehold against the will, but for the interposing hand of the son.

"What is it? What has happened? Speak! Let me know! Do no injury to yourself, my dear father!"

He was answered by a wild stare, and with an expression of horror.

"See! these jewels are stolen from the Tower! —that sent is a villain robber! I have advanced a hundred thousand pounds, and am ruined. The descriptions are the same. I am a fool—I am an idiot—I deserve to be hanged! But you urged me to it—you advised me, boy! You had a conference first with the Lord Norfolk, another rogue! What had you to do with him?"

"He promised, if I would prevail upon you to advance the money, he would make me a present of a quantity of jewels, out of which I could make money enough to get Salubiel's consent to give me Kotzen."

"You lied! Out of my sight, boy! Begone! I have lost by you half I am worth—the half I reserved to give you for your marriage portion. Now it is gone. You are a beggar. Do you deserve to be?"

The young Israelite covered his face with his hands. But he did not yet know the full extent of the evil.

"How did Lord Inglis get those jewels? Whence did they come?" he asked.

"From the Tower! It was last night robbed! You may well start. These two noblemen have stolen the treasure, and here I am the receiver of half of them. They are doubtless half way to the continent. If these are found here and the police will visit every one who deals in jewels, I shall be hanged as high as Haman; and by the beard of David, I deserve it, for being such an idiot! not to examine by calling on the foreign consul, to know if these jewels were his monarch's that the earl alleged they were. My destiny to be a most prudent blunderer. Come—put them into the casket. Duff your rich dress. Go at once and run to the Lord Mayor, and bear them to him, are they are found in our possession. One hundred thousand pounds cast into the fire! Oh! my money—my money—my money! Would that I had died ere I lived to see this day!"

He sank with a weight like lead upon his seat, silently, and with shaking fingers, gathered up the jewels and placed them in the casket. His father all the while walked the floor, wringing his hands and moaning, by all the prophets and patriarchs, his evil fate.

"The ruby! You must secure it, or if found on you, we shall be cast into prison, as well as I."

The words fell like a clap of thunder upon the ears of the young man! He was about to rush out, when his father, calmer than he, stopped him.

"Go change your dress! I will do the same! We will then go together! I must tell Salubiel all, and seek his counsel. This might have happened to him also?"

After their usual dress had been substituted for their ceremonial ones, said Jonaphat—

"Lord Neagle promised to come to-morrow. There is some hope he may be taken. If he comes he will send a boat on to that. But if he is not satisfied, the two nobles, with what I have advanced, will they have discovered me, and I shall see them no more!"

"You can't know of your discovery. He may come."

"Jehovah the Lord grant it!"

"Let us not delay, dear father! The ruby—Return may be lost!"

"Right! Let us go out, when a knocking was heard at the side door. The little Israelitish Jew with the heart-nose came running in, followed by Israel, pale, and with locks of the utmost terror. He said himself weeping upon the breast of Absalom sobbing—

"My sister—my father——"

"Dead of them? Who has happened?" cried both the Rabbit and his son in the same breath, and under their ban.

"Gone! Taken!" he gasped. "They have been carried to prison just now. I only escaped to tell you—my father is not at home. Oh! Absalom save her the ruby!"

These words were wrung from his trusting heart word by word, for his grief rendered articulation almost impossible. No sooner did Absalom comprehend him, than he shrieked and rushed to the door, crying—

"I will be in my! I is mine! I am the cause of it! I will free her, or——"

"Stop, sir!" called out his father, in a voice of command. "Hold! Rush not so madly into the street! The worst is done to them. We have only to appear at the police to release them. We will not delay. Israel, dry your tears. Run to the police magistrate, to release them, and take their places. It is Heaven's will. We must submit with patience to this extraordinary series of events. Let us be calm."

Absalom was surprised at his father's calmness; but the Israelite felt that, having suffered his first burst of grief and passion, it now became him to act with wisdom and firmness to meet the crisis before him.

In a few minutes they were seated in a carriage on the way to the police magistrate, talking the jewels with them, and also the confiscate sighed by Lord Inglis of the transfer of the jewels to him.

"Did your father or Keitzu say to the constables who gave her the ruby?" asked the Rabbit of the lad, whose day of joy and of glory was (like Absalom's) changed into one of the most poignant tears.

"Oh, no! She knew him too well to betray him. She would rather, she said, go to prison!"

Absalom felt a choking sensation from his throat.

"Did Salubiel suspect that my son came by the ruby in any wrong way?" asked the Rabbit, with hesitation and difficulty consenting to put such a question, yet wishing to know all.

"Oh, never, sir! My father smiled as they took him off and said all would come right; but he whispered to me to hasten to tell you how that the ruby had come to be arrested."

They soon reached the house of the police magistrate. In half an hour afterwards, Jonaphat and Absalom had the happiness of receiving Keitzu and her father from the prison (which had held them but twenty hours) into their carriage, and driving them home with great joy. And those last hours of sorrow, followed by this of happiness, cemented the friendship of the two (lately rival) families in lasting bonds.

The story of Jonaphat, confirmed by Lord Inglis's certificate, the surrender of all the jewels, and the story of the gift of the ruby, had been sufficient to acquit all parties with honor, and write were at one made out for the arrest of the two noblemen. We have already seen how that which was for Lord Inglis was rendered ineffectual by the flight of that nobleman a few minutes before the arrival of the police, upon the horse furnished by Ralph, the lover of Bertha Page.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE TREASURY.

We will now return once more to the ancient ale-house, the "Sack Inn," and mine host, Bolsoy Ben Wall, Esquire, December 3rd, counting his left there, full of hope and happiness, Eva Marie, the pretty bustling he had taken most of the London streets, and adopted in place of his own dead and forbidden child. We left her with the master-brewer, as we have said, and he, in the evening after, dressed so severely, with her golden hair, and her face beautiful as ever, gracefully wound in rich masses about her head, and her whole appearance that of a high-bred lady. Mr. Spicer, her any one, would have recognized her, who had seen her before. Paul, upon seeing her come into the tap-room, where he had to wait for her, and then hold up his hands in admiration and pleasure at her beauty, and then kiss the rosy-cheeked little child. He thought of a pearl that had fallen from a crowned head into the mire, and been again cleansed and re-set. He felt like kissing her over and over again, she was so beautiful; yet her very beauty and superior appearance prevented the precisely inclined affection.

"Is it possible that this is Eva?"

"Yes, dear father, for so you said I might call you," answered Eva, going to him, and taking his hand, smiling in his face with grateful emotions, and kissing him on each cheek. At the kiss came into his eyes. He felt that she must be good to be so grateful, and then the kiss recalled so forcibly the dead wife, and how I am the receiver of half of them. They are doubtless half way to the continent. If these are found here and the police will visit every one who deals in jewels, I shall be hanged as high as Haman; and by the beard of David, I deserve it, for being such an idiot! not to examine by calling on the foreign consul, to know if these jewels were his monarch's that the earl alleged they were. My destiny to be a most prudent blunderer. Come—put them into the casket. Duff your rich dress. Go at once and run to the Lord Mayor, and bear them to him, are they are found in our possession. One hundred thousand pounds cast into the fire! Oh! my money—my money—my money! Would that I had died ere I lived to see this day!"

He sank with a weight like lead upon his seat, silently, and with shaking fingers, gathered up the jewels and placed them in the casket. His father all the while walked the floor, wringing his hands and moaning, by all the prophets and patriarchs, his evil fate.

"The ruby! You must secure it, or if found on you, we shall be cast into prison, as well as I."

The words fell like a clap of thunder upon the ears of the young man! He was about to rush out, when his father, calmer than he, stopped him.

"Go change your dress! I will do the same! We will then go together! I must tell Salubiel all, and seek his counsel. This might have happened to him also?"

After their usual dress had been substituted for their ceremonial ones, said Jonaphat—

"Lord Neagle promised to come to-morrow. There is some hope he may be taken. If he comes he will send a boat on to that. But if he is not satisfied, the two nobles, with what I have advanced, will they have discovered me, and I shall see them no more!"

"You can't know of your discovery. He may come."

"Jehovah the Lord grant it!"

"Let us not delay, dear father! The ruby—Return may be lost!"

"Right! Let us go out, when a knocking was heard at the side door. The little Israelitish Jew with the heart-nose came running in, followed by Israel, pale, and with locks of the utmost terror. He said himself weeping upon the breast of Absalom sobbing—

"My sister—my father——"

"Dead of them? Who has happened?" cried both the Rabbit and his son in the same breath, and under their ban.

"Gone! Taken!" he gasped. "They have been carried to prison just now. I only escaped to tell you—my father is not at home. Oh! Absalom save her the ruby!"

These words were wrung from his trusting heart word by word, for his grief rendered articulation almost impossible. No sooner did Absalom comprehend him, than he shrieked and rushed to the door, crying—

"I will be in my! I is mine! I am the cause of it! I will free her, or——"

"Stop, sir!" called out his father, in a voice of command. "Hold! Rush not so madly into the street! The worst is done to them. We have only to appear at the police to release them. We will not delay. Israel, dry your tears. Run to the police magistrate, to release them, and take their places. It is Heaven's will. We must submit with patience to this extraordinary series of events. Let us be calm."

Absalom was surprised at his father's calmness; but the Israelite felt that, having suffered his first

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

You ain't a man to jump on another when he's down. But you've heard the news, I reckon?"

"You shoot the Tower robbery?" and he shook his head dubiously. "Sad business. And the end to be loud and front in it. It's a disgrace to us all down there."

"They've got him safe in the Tower! They say he fled a horseback, and got aboard a pirate vessel some twenty miles or so below, and was running out to sea when she was blowed out of the water by a frigate; but he was taken up and put in irons, and brought up last night."

"His was no other than the brigandine of our old, one-armed Captain Fye, who had been overtaken by the French policemen with Lords Berners and Arlington in charge, and who had agreed to carry them to France. Fye was killed in the action, and Beresford and Hollister much injured.

"Yes! I know it all! I knew when they took him past Conyboere-Ford. I've been to the Tower, too, this morning."

"Yes?"

"Yes. You know of course the serj't hoases in town and the chateau, so they call it, is in the possession of the law. Sir Lionel Wilmot, a kind and handsome daughter, poor thing, had no place to lay her head, and she came down with my niece Bridie Dyer to the 'Arms' for a bone till she could look about her, like, and see what turn things would take. When she found her husband was gone, after taking on dreadfully about it, she made up her mind to go and stay with the old man, and comfort him. She's his daughter, and it's natural. So we couldn't change her mind, and Ralph Hervine (who's to marry my niece, Bridie Pagri a'ter) and one of my men, came up this morning, and brought her to the Tower. But we had to get a permit from his honor my Lord Mayor, and as I left her in a room at the Middle Tower, I'm, with Ralph, close by, while she wait till I came back with the pupper for the head keeper to admit her. Now I want you to tell me how to find my serj't, and what I'm to do to get in? It is not among, and how much it is. You know all about these London matters, Paul?"

"I'll go with you."

They now started to the door, when, to the surprise of both men, (for he was known to both,) Bradford made his appearance. He was a good deal flushed and rosilup, and wore a look of consequential authority.

"What, John?" exclaimed Paul.

"Well, comrades. So, Will, sit here, man!"

Mine host did not like the familiar tone of his address, but said nothing. He tried to get out as soon as he could. "You've got company, lads!" continued the tardigr, with a loud laugh. "I must have a word with you, Paul, and you, too, Will, what I could tell was worth to them more than my hanging, and so here I am."

"John," said Paul, touching his elbow, "I want a word with you in a whisper.

The tardigr would have with him, his hand in his pocket, his looke bold.

"Will,—what is it? You see I didn't pusch!"

"That was kind in you. I want to tell you how much I think of it. You might have given me trouble, John."

"Hanged you, Paul! But the devil is not so black as he's painted. Doesn't the London looke upon me as a horrid Satan. It's well I ain't much known in the city, or I'd be followed and spied, they had to get me into a carriage, and drive off without half a dozen streets before they set me down."

"And this surprises me, that they let you go at all, John."

"I intend informer."

"But without bail; for they'll not find you if you choose to be out o' the way when they want you as a witness."

"Bail! I got bail in eight thousand, coal!"

"Yes?"

"Yes—if I hadn't, I'd be now in Newgate."

"Who went your bail?"

"It's a secret, Paul," he said, lowering his tone of voice, "but not to you. It was Sir Paul Yarrington."

"That's surprising!"

"Not a bit. Sir Paul knew what he was about, answered Bradford, tapping his nose.

"Well—perhaps he does. Now, John, I want to keep out of trouble. You'll not bring me in it?"

"Did I?"

"I mean on trial."

"Oh. It only on these aristocrats I'd pusch. But I want you, in return, to let me stay here and have a room, and go and fetch my things at once."

"Done!"

"Then I'm mum as a mouse-trap."

Paul showed his guest a room, where he left him, and then rejoining Will, they went out together to obtain the permit for which the serj't and daughter was patiently waiting at the Water Gate Inn.

"Here's an apothecary's," said Will, as they were passing along; "I have to buy a plaster and some salve."

"Who's hurt, Will?"

"Didn't I tell you? Why, when that brig was sunk by the frigate, and Lord Inglis taken out of the river half drowned, there was a young man, a very fine-looking man, with their hands chained. One of them had his arm broke, and the other was wounded by a splinter, so that his eye was nearly torn out. The pirates, or what not, they said, were taking them off to Freeze-Dog Island. Well, they were saved, and brought up the river; but being an one of those that were so much, they landed them both at Conyboere-Ford, and carried him to 'The Arms.' That was about two up-to-day. They are there now, and two as fine-spoken young men as one would wish to have in a barn."

"Who are they?"

"I don't know. But the captain of the frigate sent his lieutenant with 'em, and he told me it was all right, they were true and good men, and would pay all expenses."

"Then you'll feather your nest."

"I'll shake not, at the cost of suffering. Paul. But what makes you look about so, Paul? Are you trying to find out the Lord Mayor's coach?"

"No. I know where the Mansion House is, as well as I know St. Paul's. I'm thinking about my dog, and was counting to see if I could see him?"

"Your dog! Have you lost him?"

"The reddish shad is. He has almost a human for knowing and understanding. I would rather have seen Sweep, I think, than all devils than have lost my dog. I fear he's killed him. I set him, you see, to follow a confounded Scotchman from the Tower, without returning, to know where he lodged, so that I might keep an eye on him; for I suspected the fellow was ugly, and might do a mischief."

"What a crowd is here!" interrupted Will, as their way was blocked up by an exited throng. Inside a door of a sort of tavern or alehouse; the very place where Lord Nesgle, two weeks before, disguised as a French sailor, and lodging here, had heard from the closet of his room Hinchcliff and Slender talking over the plot to steal the jewels from the Tower, and joined himself to them.

"What is the fuss? Who is killed? What rushes the crowd?" asked Paul of no one in particular.

"A man tern to pieces by a dog."

"Let me see, friends!" cried Will, at the word "dog," and his thoughts running upon Sirenie and his late animal. And being a strong person, he now, as he forced himself forward like a wedge, parting the people to the right and left, Will following in the wake, and getting all the side advantages intended for Paul. The latter at length reached the door! He was pushed on by some man calling out.

"Being a pleid! He'll never leave him! He has his fist by the throat!"

"What sort of a dog is it?" bawled Paul over the heads of the crowd.

"Tawny like a lion—and large as a calf!"

"Then it is my dog! He is! He is! Here! Come to me, man," shouted Paul to the dog, whom he could not see; for the animal was hidden from him by those who were looking in at an open window upon the scene, and also across the lower half a door. Wherever the brute was, with his victim beneath him, he seemed to have the whole floor to himself.

No sooner had Paul thus called than there was heard from within a cry of surprise and fear—the crowd swayed to and fro, and the dog, now roused with alarm; and out, over their heads, upon which and their shoulders he chattered with his blood-stained jaws, bounded the huge dog which we saw Paul set on the Tower Hill, and which the old man, and comfort him. She's his daughter, and it's natural. So we couldn't change her mind, and Ralph Hervine (who's to marry my niece, Bridie Pagri a'ter), and one of my men, came up this morning, and brought her to the Tower. But we had to get a permit from his honor my Lord Mayor, and as I left her in a room at the Middle Tower, I'm, with Ralph, close by, while she wait till I came back with the pupper for the head keeper to admit her. Now I want you to tell me how to find my serj't, and what I'm to do to get in? It is not among, and how much it is. You know all about these London matters, Paul?"

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ADA AND ALWIN.

BY SALLIE M. BYNUM.

The lady touch beside him in a pictured chamber's gloom,
And pressed her trembling kisses on a cheek of vanished bloom:
"Look on me, mine own Alwin, I am here close by thy side"—
"Leave me, leave me, let me die—close are the bar, like his tomb."
"My sweet boy, it is Ada, who has loved, who loves thee still, who, beautiful young dreamer, is stronger than couldst be will."
"I have brought this flower, my Alwin, with their morning tint—you said 'twas pale"—
See these thin, dewy violets, oh, they look as this chaise for life!
For the cruel thought I've written them in the sunlight of my love,
For the cry tears at twilight have gushed from my burning heart for thee,
Say, that young heart's savage sightless is not wasted of my love,
I will lay them on thy pillow where they'll kiss thy burning brow."
"I am dying, lovely lady." "Hus even sweet Alwin, so!
Then art free to spring and be as wise as when I knew thee first."
Rising the paleness and the flushing from that crimpled cheek of bliss,
Ada the bright lady's curling stood my fingers still entwined,
And came to that broken tower where we dreamed so oft of youth,
And sing me those sweet songs that I used to hear, and love, and sing.
"Those were songs of love, bright lady, of a love's soul love for love,
Since other now must charm thee, alas, alas, for me.—
But I revive in dark form, for I have passed from life into a room;
There were aching in my bosom, there were trembling in my limbs.
"Alwin, oh Alwin, Alwin, thou wild worm art all one day,
Thou art all one day, my life—and—death—and drive me mad!
"Smile, didst thou say, sweet lady? I've not smiled since that dreary day.
When I knew each dark man had his sweet that blue-eyed maid.
The cloth where fearful flushing was cast upon her cheek:
And his dark bright cheek was pale with love, and his eyes were weak:
But his words were not—it burned me, pained me to hearing love—
I had thought thy love would save me—I thine then—oh, go!
"Alwin, oh Alwin, Alwin, would that I, too, had died
Ere thy young spirit left me, ere thou hadst left me alone!
There grass, the price of happiness—how basely thou hast won—
I'll crush them, for they bear my brow, and flush their green scorn on them.
Now Alwin, farewell, farewell, wake—I'll be his bride no more,
No, since, sweet boy, I, too, shall sleep, in dark—an all is over!"

MABELLA'S ENGAGEMENTS.

New York, November, 18—.

Well, Clara, darling, here I am, after such an evening, dearly quirky dears, as I always say, to you, to write to you. In the most approved phrase, I wish to communicate to you my experiences. I suppose I ought to say happiness, for I am going to be married to a man who swears, by all imaginable things—one thing—that he loves me—who is handsome, rich, and not only fashionable, but the fashion.

There! am I not a foolish girl? Ought I not to be happy? And yet, somehow—Heigho! I never felt so blue in my life. I'm not satisfied, that is certain, but why, I cannot tell—for I know that I shall be carried and courted as the wife of Lincoln Peaulkner; and with a severe pang for the up-per pormost circles of that curious spiral, good society, I can form a life of constant enjoyment, of luxury, and gayety. So ought I not to be happy to-night, with the tips of my burning eyes my hands, and glints of fire from my deep blue eyes yet lingering upon my memory, the scene of all its revolu—ensued with the intensity of his feelings—yet lingering in my ear? I will be, I must be, to-morrow perhaps. And now, just as I write to-morrow, I sense manma, so smiling and kind.

"My love!" she says, "you really must not sit up any longer. To-morrow, when Mr. Faulkner calls, I would not have you look sleepy-eyed to the world. To-morrow you will walk or drive with Mr. Faulkner, and I would have you in the highest humor, and feeling as you always are your visible position."

And she, seeing that her words do not awaken a smile, she adds:

"What an ungrateful element, Mabella!" and she lifts my hand, and looks at my "engagement ring," sparkling in the gas-light. "When you are married, I suppose you will have the handsomest house in New York. You are a very happy girl, Mabella, but you are too weary to-night. It is enough. So, pray, go to bed at once."

Then she kisses me and goes out; and I will obey her advice, for I long for rest.

Tuesday. The morrow has come and gone—oh! what an interesting one-day.

I always fancied, Clara, that the night that preceded my engagement would be the most wonderful by—that I should dream of my new joys the night through, and wake to find them the consciousness of bliss far surpassing all I had dreamed. But, to tell the truth, I was more miserable last night than ever in that dark hour succeeding. I had spent the evening trying to convince poor little Colin Strathmore, that darling who loves me, Clara, and Newport, did not bid us to the serious responsibilities he desired me to consider. I left a terribly miserable when the poor fellow went off, with such an expression of despair on that pretty, smooth face which never expressed anything before. I lay awake all night, wretched with self-accusation; and nothing, I verily believe, but the fact that the poor fellow was so apt, prevented me from reading and loving him to distraction. But he and my wretched night for nothing, for Colin Strathmore's engagement to Miss Gertrude was announced last—and he has quite forgotten me.

Where was I? Ah! I recollect now that I was trying to show you that I was quite as unhappy after accepting an offer, as after rejecting one. In the excitement of the day I have felt differently, I have enjoyed my triumph and been very happy; but then—I looked that unsatisfied feeling like a vague shadow dashing my without triumph with flowers.

At eleven o'clock Mr. Faulkner arrived. I was engaged dressed, under pretense of my eyes, and ready to receive him. All other visitors were denied, and after a few moments manma was called out of the room, and we were left to a tete-a-tete.

Mr. Faulkner is an admirable lover, Clara, of the but lovelish in return. But to sit and look upon his successful tenderness of manner, as a third person might do, with only a degree of general interest, such as everybody feels in the manifestation of intense emotions and feelings of whatever kind, may yet be forced to respond in some sort, and to be made to feel that you must be an actor in scenes,—in truth it is a little wearisome. I felt so like a hypocrite all the time, that I had begun to be positively unhappy when Mr. Faulkner's carriage was announced.

"Will you drive with me, Mabella?" he asked, in that deferential manner, and those sweet musical tones that I wonder have not power to thrill my heart. "Mabella," he repeated, "my beautiful one, the name of all others most befitting my promised bride," and he took my hand in his, and looked down into my eyes with a sensitive, loving look that seemed to read my soul. There was an answer there, my hand lay cold and passive in his, and after a moment he turned away as if disappointed, while a slight expression of pain flitted across his noble features. It was but for a moment, and then he courteously repeated his question—

"Will you drive with me, now, or later, Mabella?" Or shall I send the carriage away, and, by your permission, spend the morning here?"

"I will go at once." I answered, for the thought of a whole morning's tete-a-tete with him was appalling.

We went; I saw many wondering, many curious glances cast upon me as I drove with the most promised husband, and knew that more than one of the courteous smiles bestowed upon us, veiled the rage of disappointed manœuvrers. And I enjoyed my triumph, as appearing with Mr. Faulkner in public, our engagement was announced.

He returned to dine with us, and then we adjourned to the opera. The whole day I have had no moment for thought. I have lived in a state of excitement and agitated feeling. Now I am quiet again and miserable.

Until yesterday, I have always admired and really liked Lincoln Faulkner. I confess him still, and I recognize him like it. He is such a lively a syncrasies of his many noble qualities than now. But love him I do not, and I feel that we are miserable in the position of lover, he will become odious to me.

But you will say, "why did you accept a man you did not love?" I have answered that question. Vanity was flattered, my father and mother ambitious; I approving, and that I have Lincoln Faulkner to be all that any one could desire in a husband. I esteemed him, and thought that sentiment would soon become a real love. Besides, I had always considered for the last twenty-four hours, I begin to believe that to love Mr. Faulkner is impossible, and that the happiness of both will be imperiled by our union.

But time will prove whether I am right. If the most reverential devotion, the most ardent love can win a return, I shall yet learn to love Lincoln Faulkner. If not—well I cannot tell what may happen. When I write again you shall hear, and it will comfort me much to have one confidant, for to manma I would not dare impart the doubts and fears that beset me.

December, 18—.

DEAR CLARA—Your letter lies before me as I sit down at my table to write. My eye catches the playful inquiry, "Have you yet learned to accept with proper gratitude your new imaginative? It is a little further on, I read, "I can readily imagine the cause of your continued silence. You are full of your new position. *Mademoiselle la Reine* does not like to be interrupted in her high and lofty bonds, when in soliloquism."

Well, Clara, there may be much in your latter supposition. I own I am not like to give up my freedom. But I should not think of that if I loved the man into whose hands I have given it. Dear Clara, I shall not yield it now. My whole being has been crying out against the tyranny I was about to perpetrate, and I have answered literary. I have gathered myself free. I have thrown off the fetters my bonds, I have emerged from the unnamed bondage. I am free once more, but not less miserable, except that misery is now unmingled with a wild sense of liberty.

In this letter, Clara, Day after day I have the confession and the hypocrites of my new position with a cheerful spirit; I am now in my right mind and the whole world. I could see Faulkner start and turn pale, and then bend on me that searching glance beneath which no one can look unmoved. I spoke in the sharp tones that seemed the election of my purpose, and announced that my decision was continually saying, in querulous tones, how even Bella had become one of the happy-people while papa reproved me in his gravely tender manner, this morning, for my disrespect to him, for my work away to weep bitterly, and study against my bonds, alone and in silence.

While I was sitting there, came came to tell me that Mr. Faulkner was in the drawing-room.

"Please, miss," she added, "he wishes to see you. I was to do your hair, before you went down. She said, miss, that it was looking dowdy and unbecoming when you were at breakfast."

"Yes need not touch it, *Annie!* I answered, feeling a kind of savage delight in the idea of showing to my lover as carelessly attired, as my glass showed me to be, "I don't wish to see Mr. Faulkner," and rejecting the various articles of dress that the officious girl was bringing out of the drawers and wardrobes, I went down.

I laid my hand in Mr. Faulkner's in my usual cold and impassive manner, and sat down by his side and drew me toward the window. For a moment he stood looking down on me with the same expression of tears were plainly visible, and I fear he also observed a disconcerted frown.

I did not like this scrutiny and would have drawn my hand from his, but he still clasped it with a light grasp, and he spoke in a constrained, unsteady.

"I see that Mabella is sad, while I, who should have the right to know, and the privilege to share her griefs,am excluded from its knowledge. Have you not given me your confidence, Mabella, and let me know what is making you unhappy? Have you not given me your heart?"

In an instant a withering scorn of my long hypocrisy filled my whole being. I withdrew my hand from him, and would have left the room. But he interrupted and brought me back to the seat. With his strong hand, with all the strength to gentle in its touch, he removed my hands from my burning face, and looked again into my eyes.

"What is it, Mabella? My happiness as well as yours is in peril. Do not trifle with it."

That tone of command, gentle and firm, must be obeyed. I felt it and I obeyed, mechanically as it. With my head bowed upon the hands that clasped mine, I told him all, not sparing myself in the humiliating confession. I could not meet his eyes at times, but he was silent, and in no other way betrayed any emotion.

When I had finished he remained silent for a few moments, and then, in a tone of unusual tenderness, which betrayed his effort at repression, he said—

"We must part, then, Mabella. I want no unwilling bride, and to secure my selfish happiness, I will not urge you into this repulsive marriage. And yet, Mabella, Mabella, my beautiful one, how I love you! How can I give you up! But it must be so."

For one moment he held me close to his breast. I could feel his strong heart-throbs, and the convulsive heaving of his chest, that betrayed his terrible emotion; and a great, enabling fear fell upon my brow. At that moment, in my pity for the proud man I had so deceived, I could almost have taken back my words, and have promised to be his wife once more, to secure his happiness. I almost loved him then. But in another moment he had pressed his lips to my forehead, and was gone.

I heard him enter the library, and then I rushed away to my own room. Here I received a summons to attend my father. I found him sitting in the library, and manma was with him. She looked uplifted, and manma very angry.

My father's manner was sharp and stern. He gave me a chair, as I entered with the air and manner of a culprit, and no answer had I made into my face, he addressed me.

"My child," he said, "to-day, for the first time, I have been ashamed of my honorable deed. Do not want to practice hypocrisies and deceits, and it gives me added pain to find my child should have practised them upon an honorable man, who had given us the highest proof of his esteem and confidence in you, from the very first moment."

Here manma broke in with some unintelligible words, but he checked her.

"My dear, allow me" with all his high-toned courtesy; "I will say all I have to say to Mabella now, that we may be spared any further intercourse."

Then, turning to me—

"I wish you to prepare at once to go to Lyndford Vicarage, Mabella, where you will find with Jessie under the care of Mrs. Drew, the housekeeper. A widowed lady, whose home and society is a fair punishment for the wrong you have committed; but you must prepare to return home. In, then, I wish to hear neither complaints nor excuses. Farewell!"

I rose up silently, and left the room. Manma followed me, scolding, weeping, remonstrating, entreating, but I would not listen to her. To my father's decision my heart seemed weeping great drops of blood, and I could not speak. I left as well as I was able, with Jessie's help, for my sudden journey. It is night now. My trunks, all but my dress, are packed, and about the middle of early in the morning I am to leave home, with Jessie as my only companion, for my destination, and of my journey. When I reach Lyndford I will write again.

Lyndford, March, 18—.

You tell me, dearest Clara, that you have never received the letter I wrote you when I was first coming to Lyndford, while I, offended at your long silence, have made resolution for Our Clara never to write you another. In those letters I described my journey, with all its disagreeable features, and my arrival here, with my muddy roads, my arrival here, and the astonishment and annoyance of Mrs. Drew at finding me installed, the guest instead of Lyndford and the surrounding scenery, together with many other things equally interesting, for which I am sure in no mood to repeat. No, Clara, dear, I will not, for I have a topic more interesting to any or all of the foregoing, wherewith to fill the pages of this letter.

You see, Clara, that Lyndford is situated in a remote and thinly populated neighborhood, about twenty miles from the nearest town. My bags bear are often thronged by pedestrians and equestrians, and many carriages, but at this season the country is one vast solitude.

I presume my parents thought they were doing me a kind service when they banished me to this biblical sea to this solitary spot, in the midst of these wild mountains. But, Clara, from the very first the sight of the scenes, and from all my accustomed employments and enjoyments.

But I, on the contrary, came here exulting in my freedom. I found the house filled with everything, except those of which I had been the possession of the apartments that suited me best, and in which I immediately took up my abode. Mrs. Drew was a little stiff and stately at first, but I soon succeeded in winning the love of the dear old haired grandame, and making the dear old lady the best cups of tea she declared, that "ever she see in her life." Jessie, too, was delighted to see me, and the world we found not do for me.

I was perfectly happy in the easy library, which I have made my sitting-room, and in my walks over Bella Island, which only needs the sight of you to make it perfect. I had given my parents, and some of my friends, the impression I had done so from that honorable man who loved me far beyond my deserts; and I had not once begun to feel that I was in exile. Sometimes Mrs. Drew and Jessie thrust his early pain, and then his entire absence from my room, and my thoughts were all with him.

Time passed happily

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

A FRIEND.

WHO REQUESTED A POEM WRITTEN FOR HIM.

BY CLARA STURDY.

I'm looking at your picture, friend,
And seeking in my brain
For words to worthy of the care
Of anyone to name.

But, oh! it is a hopeless task,
And I must give it o'er;
I feel you'd rather be a child
A child of song no more.

My heart must needs out-endure
Old earth's grim cares to dwell,
And so she opened her door to me,
And bid my soul farewell.

Up from the dust of decay she soared,
Through the blue sea of ether,
And there with all her sisters bore
St. Jove's Olympian throne.

And now she mountained on the flame—
Bosom of the pine of fire—
Will echo to the pines crowd,
Jove's daughter and her sires.

Has Hades's fountain yet lush power,
Though lately new it sprang?
Has silence on Parnassus steps,
Forever after stung?

If I could bathe in Helicon,
Or on Parnassus climb,
My stirring numbers might have power
To make you laugh or weep;

But Hadesus is far away,
And his lake can not be seen,
And old Parnassus towers afar
Above the realm of song.

Therefore I cast my pen aside,
And break my half harp's string;
And turn from poesy forever
To sober, humbler things.

THE REUNION;

OR,

ELSIE'S LIFE-TASK.

BY MRS. MARY C. VAUGHAN.

Live and love,
Doing both nobly, because lowly.
Live as we should, and we live serenely.

On a wild October night, Elsie Raymond sat beside her solitary fireside. A very happy one she thought that, truth to tell, was tinctured by selfishness. It was not often that she sat thus, for she was the most cheerful and busy of little women, the best of sisters and aunts, and the kindliest of neighbors. That night, however, she found little leisure for thought or solitary musing, for, in some out of them relations, work enough was always provided for her.

But to-night she seemed to have arrived at one of the landing-places in her broad existence, and Sophie, the last of her charges, had that morning been married. The old gray house had been left desolate when her smiling face went from it, but at least as Elsie thought, it had a little of small nephews and nieces staying with her, while their mother, Elsie's elder Mary, and her husband, accompanied the bride and bridegroom a little tour, but they had long been asleep, and there was no token of their presence, save a somewhat pale-looking room, except a great basket of playthings in a corner, and a row of shoes, headed by Willie's "new boots," and closed by baby Elsie's tiny brunaud slippers, that were ranged against the wall.

Elsie's father had died suddenly, the victim of a fatal accident, and his children were visited by the sad and terrible bereavement, soon followed him. With her dying breath she commended her two younger children to the care of their elder sister, and exacted from her a promise that she would devote her life to them. The girl had scarcely attained to manhood under the last feeble accents of her dying mother. She lifted the little orphans before from the feeble arms that clasped it, and holding it close to her bosom, and looking with a tearful face of the little group gathered around that death-bed, gave the required promise.

In an hour her mother had ceased to breathe, and Elsie's life-work had begun. But it was not until the sad ceremonies of the funeral were over, and the little family had returned to the desolate home, that Miss Raymond comprehended all she had undertaken.

None who have only loved will fail to comprehend the struggle that, for the following weeks, went on in Elsie's soul. It was no light sacrifice that was demanded of her. Home and love, her promise to the dead and her vows to the living, were the antagonists that contended every inch of ground. John Francis loved Elsie full well enough to have sailed her in her 25-inch. He saw no reason in the divine law that declared that she should not fulfil her vows, and in becoming his wife, divide the burden of responsibilities and care.

But she thought differently. She felt that she had no right to allow his generosity to lead him into such a sacrifice. He was young, and life lay bright and long before him, and should not be the shadow of her care to project across the sunny path? Should she seek to lay upon his shoulders the burden that weighed her down, and doomed her to a life of toil? She could not and she did rise much for the children, so dear to her by ties of blood—the sacred legacy of her dead parents. But to him they were nothing, and as his wife she could she might have to see him grow weary and disconnected with the unlovely cares that marriage with her must thrust upon him.

So Elsie and John Francis parted, as they fancied forever. When her lover found that no argument nor prayers could change her purpose, that she had solemnly recorded her vow to the dead, and was fully prepared to perform it to the uttermost, even in the sacrifice of the dearest hopes and most cherished wishes, he disappeared from the neighborhood, without a farewell to any who had known him.

After a time a letter came to the parish clergyman to tell that he was safe, and about to sail for a foreign land, and from that time, for all three twenty years, no tidings of John Francis had fallen on Miss Raymond's ears. When she knew that he was gone and would not return, she very carefully gathered together every little memorial of the happy season of her happy love, and locked them in the casket he had given her, and hidden it in the shrine of her affections. Then, sternly and unconquerably, she began her life-task.

Year after year rolled on. Elsie spun and wove, and directed her business and her farm-laborers, and taught and nursed her brothers and sisters, and in all things strove to supply to them the place of the parents they had lost.

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But Elsie's only thought was of a summons to some sick or dying bed, for in that quiet neighborhood people were seldom abroad at night on less urgent errands; so smiling at her causeless alarm, and still trembling in spite of her bravery, she undid the fastening of the door, and threw it open.

A tall man, wrapped in a long, dark riding cloak, stood upon the threshold. By the light of the fading candle, Elsie held, she could not distinguish his features.

"Shelter and refreshment she sought, Through the blue sea of ether, And there with all her sisters bore St. Jove's Olympian throne.

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"Sir," Elsie resumed simply, "the doors of Bayfield farm have never been closed to the weary wayfarer. Enter, and accept my welcome to my home."

The stranger bowed again, and passed her already in the hall, while she found leaf of the door. What was it that, at sight of that tall muffled form, caused her heart to bound so wildly? She shut the door, and secured the door, and then preceded her guest to the apartment she had left.

She stirred the smoldering embers, and threw on fresh wood, which caught the flames that soon lighted up the room in broad shining. Then the stranger covering over the blaze, she next set herself to the duties of the hour, and had been well-desolate when her smiling face went from it, but at least as Elsie thought, it had a little of small nephews and nieces staying with her, while their mother, Elsie's elder Mary, and her husband, accompanied the bride and bridegroom a little tour, but they had long been asleep, and there was no token of their presence, save a somewhat pale-looking room, except a great basket of playthings in a corner, and a row of shoes, headed by Willie's "new boots," and closed by baby Elsie's tiny brunaud slippers, that were ranged against the wall.

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any consideration, marry whom she can only regard with disgust. Therefore, we think you would be justified in telling the gentleman such a revolting union many and all he owes, but you should be careful to have the manner of doing so at platform inoffensive as possible. If it is quite possible, if you should frankly and earnestly and lovingly ask him to cease pursuing you, and tell him, also, simply you to marry a man with whom you would be happy, and that you are sure he would be happy with you, and that you feel, also, that you would expose a daughter to the performance of a repugnant marriage, which you could not do with a real, loving, and happy one. We would advise you, therefore, to state the case fully and frankly to your parents, and ask them to release you from so much a miserable doom.

We are sorry to say, with us, we do believe in the secret infidelity of men of genius? We do not. There is a certain class of writers and poets, we admit, who are infidels to society—atheists—but they are only of the third-rate order, and are known by their works. Their writings are always perfectly educated persons, with faculties out of which nothing but a morbid imagination can be expected. Genius is a strong intellectual power, and the strongest minds are to see hope for suspicion, his enquiry no angels for the use of the Lord, and to search the heart and test the reins of mankind. It is the little, half-trained minds that doubt, and these are those that ignore the Creator. Such are the half breeds, the pleb, the mules, are various and misshapen. Minds of vigorous and power look beyond the mirror limits of this existence, into worlds upon worlds of beauty and excellence. To them a glimpse of heaven is a matter of daily, of gratuitous profession owing to astonishing inconsistency, and of which they are not ashamed. Genius is a God-like power of perception. They grasp in their hands the whole universe of thought.

MY DEAR MISS ——: Your case stands as in the kitchen door, and showed himself shaking the water from his dripping cloak. "Madam," he said, "I am benighted, as you see, and in trying to reach the next village have lost my way. I am drenched to the skin, and my horse is too weary to go further through these miry roads; and seeing a light here, have ventured to crave a shelter for him and myself for the remainder of the night. I assure you that you will find me no ungrateful guest."

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We are sorry to say, with us, we do believe in the secret infidelity of men of genius? We do not. There is a certain class of writers and poets, we admit, who are infidels to society—atheists—but they are only of the third-rate order, and are known by their works. Their writings are always perfectly educated persons, with faculties out of which nothing but a morbid imagination can be expected. Genius is a strong intellectual power, and the strongest minds are to see hope for suspicion, his enquiry no angels for the use of the Lord, and to search the heart and test the reins of mankind. It is the little, half-trained minds that doubt, and these are those that ignore the Creator. Such are the half breeds, the pleb, the mules, are various and misshapen. Minds of vigorous and power look beyond the mirror limits of this existence, into worlds upon worlds of beauty and excellence. To them a glimpse of heaven is a matter of daily, of gratuitous profession owing to astonishing inconsistency, and of which they are not ashamed. Genius is a God-like power of perception. They grasp in their hands the whole universe of thought.

W. C. S. has a sweetheart, who, in her letters and manner, would convince any man of her love, as she seems to delight to persists with a girl who is warm and frank. He supposes in his letter that she is cold and reserved in her manner and in her affections? She should say both would; but, after marriage, she would become more confiding. We have met her with. Matrimony shares the frontiers of hearts. You will find, also, that many of the "cold and reserved" girls are not as impressible in this respect. A good deal of the "coldness and reserve" complained of by lovers is assumed girlish, to the ordinary, when acknowledged basis with a style of beauty and excellence. Genius is a God-like power of perception. They grasp in their hands the whole universe of thought.

MY DEAR MISS ——: Your case stands as in the kitchen door, and showed himself shaking the water from his dripping cloak. "Madam," he said, "I am benighted, as you see, and in trying to reach the next village have lost my way. I am drenched to the skin, and my horse is too weary to go further through these miry roads; and seeing a light here, have ventured to crave a shelter for him and myself for the remainder of the night. I assure you that you will find me no ungrateful guest."

"Sir," Elsie resumed simply, "the doors of Bayfield farm have never been closed to the weary wayfarer. Enter, and accept my welcome to my home."

The stranger bowed again, and passed her already in the hall, while she found leaf of the door. What was it that, at sight of that tall muffled form, caused her heart to bound so wildly? She shut the door, and secured the door, and then preceded her guest to the apartment she had left.

She stirred the smoldering embers, and threw on fresh wood, which caught the flames that soon lighted up the room in broad shining. Then the stranger covering over the blaze, she next set herself to the duties of the hour, and had been well-desolate when her smiling face went from it, but at least as Elsie thought, it had a little of small nephews and nieces staying with her, while their mother, Elsie's elder Mary, and her husband, accompanied the bride and bridegroom a little tour, but they had long been asleep, and there was no token of their presence, save a somewhat pale-looking room, except a great basket of playthings in a corner, and a row of shoes, headed by Willie's "new boots," and closed by baby Elsie's tiny brunaud slippers, that were ranged against the wall.

Elsie's father had died suddenly, the victim of a fatal accident, and his children were visited by the sad and terrible bereavement, soon followed him. With her dying breath she commended her younger children to the care of their elder sister, and exacted from her a promise that she would devote her life to them. The girl had scarcely attained to manhood under the last feeble accents of her dying mother. She lifted the little orphans before from the feeble arms that clasped it, and holding it close to her bosom, and looking with a tearful face of the little group gathered around that death-bed, gave the required promise.

In an hour her mother had ceased to breathe, and Elsie's life-work had begun. But it was not until the sad ceremonies of the funeral were over, and the little family had returned to the desolate home, that Miss Raymond comprehended all she had undertaken.

None who have only loved will fail to comprehend the struggle that, for the following weeks, went on in Elsie's soul. It was no light sacrifice that was demanded of her. Home and love, her promise to the dead and her vows to the living, were the antagonists that contended every inch of ground. John Francis loved Elsie full well enough to have sailed her in her 25-inch. He saw no reason in the divine law that declared that she should not fulfil her vows, and in becoming his wife, divide the burden of responsibilities and care.

But she thought differently. She felt that she had no right to allow his generosity to lead him into such a sacrifice. He was young, and life lay bright and long before him, and should not be the shadow of her care to project across the sunny path? Should she seek to lay upon his shoulders the burden that weighed her down, and doomed her to a life of toil? She could not and she did rise much for the children, so dear to her by ties of blood—the sacred legacy of her dead parents. But to him they were nothing, and as his wife she could she might have to see him grow weary and disconnected with the unlovely cares that marriage with her must thrust upon him.

So Elsie and John Francis parted, as they fancied forever. When her lover found that no arguments nor prayers could change her purpose, that she had solemnly recorded her vow to the dead, and was fully prepared to perform it to the uttermost, even in the sacrifice of the dearest hopes and most cherished wishes, he disappeared from the neighborhood, without a farewell to any who had known him.

After a time a letter came to the parish clergyman to tell that he was safe, and about to sail for a foreign land, and from that time, for all three twenty years, no tidings of John Francis had fallen on Miss Raymond's ears. When she knew that he was gone and would not return, she very carefully gathered together every little memorial of the happy season of her happy love, and locked them in the casket he had given her, and hidden it in the shrine of her affections. Then, sternly and unconquerably, she began her life-task.

Year after year rolled on. Elsie spun and wove, and directed her business and her farm-laborers, and taught and nursed her brothers and sisters, and in all things strove to supply to them the place of the parents they had lost.

In time the wounds of her heart healed, at least they ceased to bleed at every touch, and she learned to find solace in the affection of her children, as she called them, while habit made her duties light, and almost pleasant.

* * * * *

The midnight hour had already passed when Elsie rose to retire. Her long, lonely vigil had made

JOSEPH W.—The best way to obtain a great variety of expression in writing and composing is the following:—Take a piece of some standard writer, such as Washington's Farewell Address, or Clay's Compromise Speech, or Webster's Reply to Hayne, and copy this three times day, slowly and carefully, with the punctuation, verbs and adjectives with a line underneath, or with the letters a. s. s. over each of those words. Next take the substantives, and write them from the form of a volume, with all the expressions to each you can think of, looking into Webster or some such work, and see at a line for a meaning. Then take all the verbs in the piece you write, and do the same with adjectives, and you will perceive that for six months you will become a copious, fluent and forcible writer for the rest of life. This exercise alone, if followed, by a people for a few years, would do the work of a college course. Then, in writing, always read your piece, after finishing your thoughts, to practice thinking, and thoroughly correct it, and you will soon be a ready writer. Your every-day writings of thinking for others in language you will not find more than one acquisition or something of a writer, or other, or will find out, right expressions. But the exercise of masters the mind furnish you with several equivalents, manner of thoughtlessly putting your mind word, communications with an agility of expression to the tongue, as never can be to delight the intellect and shortly his friends.

HARRIET complains of what most ladies of the present generation have to complain—of gentlemen showing their kind and attention, but never speaking of love and marrying. Harriet's beau takes her to balls, theatres, and concerts; but he never speaks of love. What preference do you think he entertains for the ladies. It is a serious engagement, marriage, and he is not the man to trifle with the affections of any lady. Many gentlemen from the ladies might complain of their selfishness and unmanliness, but these complaints are generally from shallow minds who, seeking or hating them anywhere, because of this tendency to unindividual ideas and opinions, and the ladies themselves are the first to combat them of their imaginations. "Take care that you do not love me," sometimes means your love me. What say the ladies to this question?—Most a gentlemen never show attention to the ladies before they have a glance of amusement, we talk with them, nor escort them, nor dance with them, nor love them. This is Orthodoxian ism. The next movement should be to size up all the ladies in sanctum, and give them a private ball, and invite them to walk, attend it. Never pay attention to any lady inspire something serious. A quarrel is the thing to bring out to the meaning. Better be a quarrel for making a new answer.

FREDERICK ASH.—How can we make ourselves agreeable to? She often sits about the hour of being thought part and conversation, though naturally of a talkative disposition. This, perhaps, may lead to another suspicion equally injurious. There is no reason why a young person is a dispirited as quiet. As we become more independent we become more natural, and less peculiar our pores and waters of make young ladies of rank, whose social position places them above the fear of censure, and who can afford to be entirely natural in their manners. Many of them are the always to see the real nature, refined, feminine, and delicate. Others, of more ambitious, more vulgar and decorative, are generally but mere narration of this, that and further thing, devoid of intelligence, and of little interest to the hearer. Talents may easily tell, by the look and manner of her auditors, whether they are interesting or not. Then, sometimes, she may talk on; when she does not please, she ought to be silent. Let her study the looks and manner of those who are not. Don't look at other people's eyes only, but look how they look at you. Study the eyes of those you love and visit their lower lightness or reliance, and you will see their very soul.

A LOVER says he is very much attached to a young lady whose parents are opposed to his visiting her. He has been forbidden to call on her, and has written to her when our correspondent visits his lady-love and obtains her consent to correspond with him. Could anything be more and if we would only tell the perpetual lover what course to pursue? Why, he had better go to the house and call on her, as you should try to conciliate the "old folks." Assemble with them, and show that you are not a disagreeable fool, and then strive to remove the unfavorable impression of yourself. If you find it impossible to conciliate them, and you and the young lady continue to love each other, and you are sure that you could make each other happy, and she is dutifully no longer subject to the control of her parents, you may then, with her consent, elope with her, and marry her. But, before taking such a step, we strongly advise you to see her parents with unfeeling kindness and respect.

ELLEN.—Your letter is very well written, but it would be a poor—it makes a sketch. Parts are serious learned more than the ordinary correspondence. Mr. Nathaniel Parker Willis, and many other of our correspondents, that young ladies are not to be married to the man who has taken their affections to gentlemen. Ferdinand wants to know if she may travel upon the cars without a pass. Ladies of course are not required to have passes. We advise you to be a betrayal of confidence. Ferdinand is a very good young man, and if you will further thanks in a few weeks, months, or years. Since the above was written, we have received a letter from Ferdinand himself, and we are pleased to find that we have never had occasion to regret it. Every letter but the first we have received from Ferdinand has been a source of joy. And first and last should close thus:—Bess Can."

MARY.—Your letter is very well written, but we think with us the benefaction to send, accept, or carry a challenge to fight a duel. We do not know who has taken your name and sex as a second to a duel in the State, or who knows the fact. We do not believe that the person who sent a second is one, or in any manner participating in it. If you have been insulted by any person, you have a right to demand an apology, you had better give up the idea, unless you are willing to be called a coward, and to be shot by your fellow gentleman.

J. F. BOWLAND.—The Ledger from three months prior to the completion of the story of "Lucy Chatters" up to the 25th of January, 1858, can be had at our office. You had better continue to peruse the same *studies after your school* hours, and you will find it very interesting. It is a little more study and work you can go using pretty well without a teacher.

HENRY.—It was very foolish in you to consent to a secret marriage, and it is very foolish of you to continue to persist in refusing to avow your conjugal relations, when the circumstances which induced you to consent to it. You will succeed in more the fact become known, without waiting for it. Your wife is entitled to your name and protection.

A. L. S.—We have never known a case where a boy or a small one has been driven by any person to marry or give in marriage. We do not believe that the parents of the White Mountains all winner, and sets the daily temperature of the day.

EMIL CONSTABLE.—Plain and simple dirt, regular habits, and plenty of exercise in the open air country are a pure and healthy state quicker than anything else, unless you are the victim of some disease, which requires the assistance and medical counsel.

CHARLES P.—Judging from your long-span letter, we should say that the lettering in your boyacuteness would be very good. We do not know of any work on that subject. Certainly experiment. As to the "thin daughter," suppose you see her as she is, and think of serving that duty.

WILLIAM E. L.—We believe the Captain of a British merchant vessel has the power to marry a couple on board, including the chief engineer; some think the same designate has the power to perform the ceremony.

VIVIAN.—The old gentleman has a right to control the actions of his son, and to refuse his consent to his marriage, but after your card she reaches her majority, and then, if you are to think to do so, she has a right to marry as she pleases.

PAMELA M.—Girls of eighteen should never encourage gentlemen of twenty-five to visit them. They are not to be called on calls, and as consequential as gentlemen. They don't like to be treated as children, and they are right.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.—We do not give information concerning the location of the name which you mention in your letter.

CHARLES.—You can probably learn the correspondence of "her name," and the method of making it, of some chemist or apothecary.

OLD MATRON.—We know of no such expedition as you mention. Apply at any shipping office.

SAMUEL HEDGE.—You should address the lady mentioned upon the subject, and not us.

ALPHA.—We do not know anything about the book you inquire for.

CHRISTOPHER.—Miss Charlotte Cushman was born in the United States.

PEARL.—Of course a girl is at liberty to decline the acquaintance of a philosopher pressed after having seen it.

E. G.—We do not publish replies to the articles of our correspondents.

* * *Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.*